

Now the régime held a trump card and Gogring was not slow to build up Karajan's position at the State Opera. In fact Furtwängler's eminence remained unassailable. His Achilles heel was on insatiable envy that made it hard for him to tolerate rivals. When he learnt that Karajan was planning to conduct the Staatskapelle, not as usual in the Opera House of which it was part, but in the Philharmonie, which Furtwängler regarded as his domain, he appealed to Goebbels. Even Karajan's (officially encouraged) favourable press notices had him running in protest to the Propaganda Minister. Furtwängler's art continued to earn him triumphant ovations. But though Goebbels was happy to use these as evidence of the cultural achievements of the Third Reich, he attached to them only limited importance. "What does this Furtwängler want with his ridiculous two thousand listeners?" he scornfully observed in his diary. "What we need are the millions, and with the radio we have them." The *Kraftprobe* had been lost.

After the smoke of battle had cleared, Furtwängler, who had sought refuge in Switzerland only in the last days of the war, found himself before a denazification court. In his own view, however (and, he it said, also in the view of a number of musicians, notably Yehudi Menuhin), he was rather a victim of the Nazis, and deserved respect for his attempts to temper their racial and cultural policies. At his trial he continued to maintain that "the concern that my art was being misused for

propaganda purposes had to yield to the greater concern that German music be preserved". Subsequently he wrote, "I knew that a single performance of a piece of great German music . . . represented a struggle and more fundamental denial of the spirit of Auschwitz and Buchenwald than all the words that might have been said." Furtwängler's conception of the arts as a sphere wholly divorced from politics predictably ended in the sheerest humbug.

Smarting under what he regarded as injustice, he wrote to his old colleague Bruno Walter, at the time of the Chicago boycott, which he described as "unexpected and monstrous". The conciliatory Walter, who had in fact declined to join the boycott, replied:

Please reflect that it was your art that was years used as an extremely effective means of propaganda abroad for a devilish régime, that . . . the presence of a man of your stature . . . lent those appalling criminals cultural and moral credit . . . Please also reflect on the fact that you lived for twelve years in the Nazi Reich without ever expressing your horror of what took place. . . . Of what account is your helpful behaviour in individual cases of Jewish need?

Is it really so unexpected and monstrous that victims of Nazi persecution, and those who sympathize with their sufferings, together with opponents of that régime, should resist the appearance of a man who - whatever his inner attitudes - had the effect of being an exponent of that régime?

Furtwängler was outraged. In his reply he described such attitudes as "betraying a lack of

understanding [Einfühlungsvermögen] of the situation I found myself in". At this point, Walter's patience snapped. "This lack of understanding for others", he caustically replied, "seems to be a world epidemic."

This exchange of letters is not included in Prieberg's book, which, rather disappointingly, ends with the disintegration of the Third Reich. But I fear that had he chosen to include a coda on Furtwängler's post-war years, he would have regarded Walter's letter, which so precisely expressed what the world at large held against Furtwängler, as a further example of what, in a singularly unhappy phrase, he refers to as *Enigantenhass*. Prieberg does not spare Furtwängler in his account of how he totally failed to take the measure of the Third Reich. But he blames the tribulations Furtwängler endured in the post-war years (which in fact largely ceased after the Chicago boycott of 1948) on "the hatred of the emigrants". To that end he attempts to blacken the reputation of men who left Germany or refused to work there. An anti-Nazi émigré critic of good repute is attacked for having in 1935 drawn royalties from Germany for his version of an opera. Thomas Mann is accused of "corruption" on account of his decision to postpone a public break with Germany in order not to damage his publisher's Christmas sales. Furtwängler, the author argues, only made such concessions to gain others. Prieberg also fishes out an isolated criticism by Mann of Jewish influence in the press of the Weimar Republic,

which even in the privacy of his diary Mann describes as "secret and upsetting", as a means of diminishing the impact of comparable observations by Furtwängler.

In his determination to show that all emigrants were not beyond reproach, Prieberg loses all sense of proportion. He blames Huberman (misspelt throughout) for not protesting against the witch-hunt in former German occupied areas against women who had slept with German soldiers as, before the war, he had protested against the persecution suffered by German girls who consorted with Jews. At one point he compares the concentration camps set up by the British in the Boer War, or those on the Isle of Mao, into which German refugees were briefly herded in 1940, with the National Socialists' extermination camps. A Swiss authority, who in 1938 pursued a deplorable restrictive policy on Jewish immigration, is described as "surpassing even Goebbels in . . . inhumanity". Prieberg's description of Ira Hirschmann, who in 1936 led the successful resistance to Furtwängler's appointment to succeed Toscanini as conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, as "a Jew from Baltimore, a man on the make, boundlessly ambitious and a ruthless character" ("von jenem Typus, der über Leichen geht") comes as a chilling echo of that terrible period of which the author writes. It is regrettable that such an illuminating and thoroughly researched book should be marred by an unsubstantiated personal assault.

Progress with pessimism

J. F. McMillan

EUGEN WEBER
France, *Fin de Siècle*
280pp. Harvard University Press. £16.95.
0674318129
PHILIP G. NORD
Paris Shopkeepers and the Politics of
Reinvention
330pp. Princeton University Press. £31.25.
0691064541

Renowned for his studies *Peasants into Frenchmen* (1977) and *Adieu Française* (1963), and for work on topics as diverse as the nationalist revival, freemasonry, sport and antisemitism, Eugen Weber has probably done more to enrich the historiography of modern France than any other contemporary American historian. His trademarks are originality and formidable erudition, both much in evidence in his latest book, which will not disappoint his admirers. *France, Fin de Siècle* offers nothing less than a portrait of an age, viewed not from the perspective of the twentieth century but through the eyes of an inquisitive contemporary tourist, sensitive to surface phenomena.

Politically, Weber reminds us, the period was one not merely of frequent political scandals and sporadic social revolt but of a prolonged crisis, with contempt for parliamentary institutions widespread and the survival of the Third Republic anything but assured. Politics, however, are not his principal concern, which

is rather "the permanencies and the novelties that affected private life". What fascinates Weber are the ambiguities of the period: the degree to which France still bore the marks of earlier centuries and the degree to which change - even progress - was taking place.

Most of the inhabitants of late nineteenth-century France were still peasants, shod in wooden clogs and living in more or less self-contained villages and regions. In cultural, if no longer in political terms, Paris was a metropolis which dwarfed the rest of the country. Urban life in stifling provincial towns bore little relation to that of the capital. Living standards were low. Water, for instance, was scarce and a bath a luxury, even for the rich: the French, with more justice than the Irish, could be labelled the great unwashed. Some people still believed in sorcery. Paper money was still viewed with general suspicion. Yet, at the same time, there were unmistakable signs of modernity. The first *Métro* train ran in 1900. The extension of the railway network, the telegraph and the telephone all heralded a revolution in communications. The introduction of electricity was well under way. Women were beginning to break down some of the barriers to equality erected by the law and in the spheres of education and professional life.

Though not an uncritical apologist for modernity, Weber seems happy to report that, on balance, the forces of progress were winning. Deftly, with many revealing anecdotes and a deceptive lightness of touch, he explores an era when material improvements coexisted with

spiritual dejection, writing as perceptively about decadence and cultural pessimism as about bicycles and plumbing. He is aware of the social tensions and divisions of the age, reflected in phenomena such as crime, xenophobia and antisemitism: but he does not ignore the significance of new developments in mass leisure and popular entertainment. He comments authoritatively on fashion, expertly on underwear. Some critics may cavil that his picture is too impressionistic, even idiosyncratic. In fact, the book's greatest strength is its individuality. Devoid of tables, graphs and the other trappings of "scientific" history, it is a delight to read. This is history as art.

One of the few aspects of *fin-de-siècle* France to escape Weber's attention is shopkeeping: protest. French historians have written exhaustively on working-class militancy but have had little or nothing to say about the revolt of the lower middle classes. Philip Nord's monograph addresses the problem by investigating the origins and political orientation of the *Ligue syndicale du travail*, an organization of *petits commerçants* founded in 1888 and numbering 140,000 members by the 1890s.

With meticulous scholarship, Nord demonstrates that the *Ligue* was founded as a reaction not so much to the advent of the large department stores, the *grands magasins* (though these were indeed the object of execration from small shopkeepers) as to long-term economic transformations. Crucial was the redevelopment of Paris under Haussmann, which divided the city's retail community into two

distinct groups, one flourishing on the new avenues and boulevards, the other now disadvantageously situated in older commercial centres like the Palais Royal and the passage Choiseul. The onset of the Great Depression exacerbated these divisions and it was the ruined merchants from the streets and arcades of old Paris who swelled the ranks of the *Ligue*.

Politically, it began life as the Republican Left but by the turn of the century its members could be classed with the new, "radical" Right. Nord explains the transition as resulting out from any evolution of ideology, which remained constant, but from changes in the wider political world: the Left's abandonment of Jacobin ideals in favour of a more collectivist vision, the ineffectiveness of Radical politicians and the Right's readiness to incorporate shopkeepers' grievances into their own anti-republican programme. Later, however, Poincarist policies would bring *petit commerce* within the conservative Republican fold.

Nord's book is an exemplary monograph, providing well-documented answers to the questions he has asked himself. But he does more than trace the history of a hitherto obscure political pressure-group. He succeeds in placing the *Ligue* in its wider context, cultural as well as social, economic and political. Particularly fascinating are the links established between retailer militancy, boulevard journalism and Montmartre cabaret shows, all of which expressed profound distaste for modernity, mass consumerism and *Paris nouveau*.

Fantastists and fanatics

Ian Kershaw

WOODRUFF D. SMITH
The Ideological Origins of Nazi Imperialism
333pp. Oxford University Press. £22.
0195036905

NICHOLAS GOODRICK-CLARKE
The Occult Roots of Nazism: The Ariosophists of Austria and Germany 1890-1935
294pp. Aquarian Press. £12.95.
0850304024

ANNA BRAMWELL
Blood and Soil: Walther Darré and Hitler's "Green Party"
288pp. Kent Press. £12.95.
0946041334

ROBERT A. POIS
National Socialism and the Religion of Nature
190pp. Croom Helm. £18.95.
070994022X

Woodruff D. Smith's *The Ideological Origins of Nazi Imperialism* appears at first sight to be treading a well-worn path. Indeed, much of the book's value lies in its excellent synthesis of the extensive literature on German imperialism before Hitler. But Smith has much to say which is new, especially on the colonial question, and offers a remarkably clear guide through the tangled web of imperialist ideas from the mid-nineteenth century to their eventual blending into Nazi expansionism. A strength is his readiness to go beyond mere description of the forms of imperialist thinking, to analyse the functions they served and the ways in which they operated within the fragmented politics of Imperial and Weimar Germany.

Smith clearly distinguishes two separate, and largely irreconcilable, imperialist ideologies, which he labels - by the catchwords that later became attached to them - *Weltpolitik* and *Lebensraum*. The former corresponded to the German variant of classical imperialism; the enlargement of a German-controlled economic area for an expanding industrial economy. He traces the promotion of such ideas among government and business bureaucrats, emphasizes the ways in which *Weltpolitik* was used to create a consensus to overcome political and social disunity, but also shows the obstacles it invariably encountered, especially among conservative landowners.

Lebensraum, which Smith traces back to mid-nineteenth-century migrationist colonialism, could be more closely reconciled with landholding interests. It laid stress on a defence against industrialism, economic modernization and social change, through settlement of the peasantry - seen as the backbone

of German culture - either in overseas colonies or, increasingly, in land annexed in eastern Europe. He follows the vagaries and complexities of these rival ideologies through the Wilhelmine period, the First World War, and the Weimar Republic before showing how the Nazis were able, more successfully than any political organization before them, to combine their major tendencies within a wider ideological framework.

From this central component of Nazi ideology, we go to the esoteric fringe of right-wing thought in Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke's *The Occult Roots of Nazism*, a study based on an extensive survey of an immense array of publications on theosophy, astrology and "ariosophy" (Aryan-racist-occult theories), of the racist and nationalist fantasies of Guido von List and Jörg Lanz von Liebenfels. There is certainly an element of fascination in examining the weird and wonderful world which these Viennese crackpots shaped for themselves and their devotees. But how important is it to an understanding of Nazism? The author himself, modestly but correctly, regards his work as depicting "a marginal history", arguing that through personal contacts and literary influences occult ideas filtered through to the *volksisch* groups from which Nazism arose, and that at least two "ariosophists" contributed to Himmler's vision of a Greater Germanic Reich. But he is careful not to exaggerate the influence of such ideas on Nazism.

Points of contact were the esoteric Munich Thule Society, whose connections with the early Nazi Movement (though not specifically with Hitler himself) were made plain long ago by Reginald Phelps, and Himmler's personal susceptibility to such notions. The man described by the author as Himmler's "private magus", Karl Maria Wiligut - or "Weisthor", as he liked to be known - was, however, far less influential than is suggested here, and by the late 1930s an embarrassment to Himmler as his earlier certification for clinical insanity became known.

The key question, posed in the last chapter, about the influence of "ariosophy" and especially of Lanz von Liebenfels on Hitler himself, is answered judiciously. From a careful survey of the evidence, it seems most probable that Hitler did collect and read Liebenfels's *Osara*, a scurrilous, racist pamphlet-series, during his time in Vienna. Bayoud that; there was some similarity in the manichean dualism which characterized the outlook of both men. But Hitler did not share the vision of a pan-Aryan Habsburg state run from Vienna, scorned the type of antiquarian ceremonialism which Liebenfels practised, is never known to have

mentioned the name of Liebenfels during his political career, and was generally contemptuous of cultist cliques. The writings of Liebenfels suffered the fate of other occultists in the Third Reich and were banned in 1938. What we are left with, therefore, is an intriguing study of apocalyptic fantasies, indicative of one minor strand of irrationalist thought in *fin-de-siècle* Vienna.

Walther Darré, the subject of Anna Bramwell's biography, was one leading Nazi who was given to Nordic mysticism, down to experiencing "a sign from Thor" at a large standing-stone in the Odeowald in 1934. His was, on the whole, a pessimistic brand of racism, aimed at preserving a sturdy Nordic peasantry against the inroads of modernization, industrialization and cultural decay. The popularizer of the "Blood and Soil" slogan, Darré wanted to build a hereditary peasant "nobility" to replace industrial society. Such dreams and illusions were combined with much shrewd knowledge of farming practicalities and organization, derived from an extensive reading in agricultural economics and from his own agricultural training.

A late entrant to the Nazi Party, he masterminded its agrarian programme and, in the first years of power, the setting up of the Reich Food Estate, the reorganization of agricultural production and marketing, and the introduction of significant changes in peasant land tenure (particularly through the Hereditary Farm Law of 1933). As Darré's peasant wonderland became increasingly sacrificed to the needs of rearmament and war production, he lost influence, became disenchanted and isolated, and was eventually replaced as agricultural minister in 1942 by the far more hard-headed Herbert Backe. Darré was sentenced by the Americans in 1949 to seven years' imprisonment, was freed in 1950, and died in 1953.

Anna Bramwell's book is stylishly written and openly provocative as the startling subtitle makes plain. It is written "against the grain", as Bramwell emphasizes early on in distinguishing herself from "internationalist social democrat sympathizers", who can only examine Nazism "through their own progressive prejudices". For all its verve and panache, however, the central argument of the book, aiming to isolate and separate Darré's ideology and actions from those of Nazism, and to transform his role from that of a leading Nazi ideologue to a precursor of present-day ecological thought - in some respects as the "father of the Greens" - is unconvincing.

There is no doubt that Darré's agrarian quirkiness had by the late 1930s outlived its purpose for a régime set upon a war to be

fought with the weapons and technology of the industrial age, and that he himself became increasingly embittered and disenchanted with the course of events. But, quite apart from the fact that the developments which so disappointed him were scarcely incidental to the nature of the Nazi régime and its aims, and could have been foreseen by him as by many others, for years there had been no incompatibility between Darré's personal *Welanschauung* and Nazi ideology, and he had done his best, for both ideological and careerist reasons, to serve the régime.

The conventional picture is more convincing than Bramwell's revisionist portrait: Darré was a front-rank Nazi whose differences with Himmler and other leading Nazis had at least as much to do with power struggles (which he lost) as with the nuances of racist ideology. As for the other claim, that he was a "proto-Green", this can only be upheld by emphasizing his preoccupation with organic farming at the expense of all the other elements in his philosophy, and by regarding organic farmers today as the only true "Greens", in distinction to the political "Green Movement". Bramwell so disparages, to which most of Darré's ideology would be total anathema.

The main argument of Robert Pois's *National Socialism and the Religion of Nature* is that Nazi ideology amounted to a form of secular religion, based upon values which were the complete antithesis of the Judaeo-Christian tradition. The essential Nazi view of man was as part of an "authentic" nature and pitilessly subject to natural law, as opposed to the "unnatural" order of Judaeo-Christianity, where the laws of nature were constantly broken by divine intervention. The central concern of Pois's book is to explain how such a "religious" quest necessitated the "extermination of those whose very existence was an insult to the laws of life". The argument, if somewhat abstrusely couched, is sensible enough, though to see Nazism in terms of a secular religion is in itself not greatly original. The attempt in the last chapter to relate elements of the Nazi "religion of nature" to contemporary American life is unconvincing and in places bizarre.

The book reviewed here, taken together, do not suggest that major problems concerning Nazi ideology need urgent reinterpretation. The most rewarding approaches seem still to be those which address themselves less to a description of that ideology than to analysis of the social milieu in which it was received and which it in turn mobilized, as well as the process by which certain ideological imperatives became gradually implemented into government practice.

David H. Pinkney

J.R.T. BURY AND R.P. TOMBS
Thiers 1797-1877: A Political Life
307pp. Allen and Unwin. £27.50.
0049401236

By most historical rules Adolphe Thiers should be included among a tiny handful of France's greatest men. His life-span itself is historically impressive. Born in 1797, he was, as a young man, protégé of Talleyrand, who was born in the reign of Louis XV, and in his later years he was a patron of Waldeck-Rousseau, who as prime minister from 1899 to 1902 led France into the twentieth century. He played an influential role in every one of France's nineteenth-century revolutions. He lived under seven régimes and was in or close to the seats of power in six of them. He became a minister in 1832 and first minister in 1835 while still in his thirties. In February 1848, in December 1848, and in August 1870, first Louis-Philippe, then Louis-Napoléon, and finally the Empress Eugénie appealed to him to head ministries. In the darkest hours of 1871 almost the entire nation turned to him to lead the stricken country out of defeat and humiliation, and in the next two years his leadership earned him a place along with Napoleon and Charles de Gaulle as one of the saviours of France. In those years, too, and in the mid-1870s he became the chief architect of the Third Republic, the most enduring of French régimes since 1789.

His career as a historian shone almost as brilliantly. He was one of the most acclaimed and popular historians of his century and his books won him election to the French Academy at the early age of thirty-six. In the first of his three careers, journalism, he was, in an age of influential journalists, one of the most influential, contributing by his writings to the fall of the Bourbon monarchy and to shaping the outcome of the Revolution of 1830. Surely here is the stuff of greatness, not the greatness of a Napoleon or a de Gaulle to be sure, but certainly the stuff of enduring fame.

But a century after his death who knows the name Adolphe Thiers? Only historians and perhaps at examination time a few of their students. Save for scholars no one reads his histories or his journalistic articles. Until the publication of J.R.T. Bury and R.P. Tombs's volume he had never been the subject of a scholarly biography in any language. Their excellent recreation of the life of this extraordinary man leaves one all the more aware of the

puzzling contrast between his career and his place in modern memory. Bury and Tombs suggest some explanations, and speculation on the peculiarities of Thiers's career suggests others.

As the personification of the conservative bourgeoisie of the nineteenth century, Thiers has not been kindly treated by the centrist and leftist republicans who in our time have been the principal custodians and interpreters of France's history. As Bury and Tombs remark, Thiers, along with Louis-Philippe and François Guizot, have been saddled with blame for bourgeois policies and values that have been held in low esteem by French intellectuals in this century. He has been represented as the reckless diplomat in the war scare of 1840, as the inept old man blundering into civil war in 1871 or the calculating reactionary seizing an

opportunity to destroy the French left, and as the initiator of the "Bloody Week" in the final suppression of the Paris Commune. Having spent most of his political career in opposition he never had his name attached to any great piece of legislation. No "Loi Thiers" of beneficial memory, comparable to the Loi Guizot of 1834 or the Loi Ferry of the 1880s, serves as a peg for fame or esteem. Nor has his reputation been well served by his contemporaries, who thought him inordinately ambitious and vainglorious and frankly recorded their opinions in their memoirs - writings that make more popular reading than the records of subtle diplomatic negotiations and complex financial measures of the difficult years 1870-73.

One cannot expect that Bury and Tombs's book will do much to close the broad gap in

Observation Car

At last they arranged it so you just couldn't see Out of any train window. You had to focus On the back seat in front, or the floor, or on The obligatory food, wheeled up on trolleys To where they had strapped you in; though a favoured few Could end up riding at the rear of the train In the Observation Car, from where the lines receding Added ever-increasing length to the two sides Of angle wedging acutely into the past. How fast that terrain seemed; and interesting, Though it vanished before you guessed it had ever been: You saw your bridges after you had crossed them, You learnt what had been before you saw it coming, And everyone pointed and said, "The amazing things We were missing all that time! If we had known, We might have stopped the train and got out to enjoy them!" - In this assuming they were better off Than the others sitting boxed in their airline seats And observing nothing. When, occasionally, Someone did complain to the guardian who came Down the gangway cancelling tickets, he would say, "You are fortunate to have seats, either there or here, In the midst of such a good metaphor for life."

ALAN BROWN JOHN

1417

TLS
The Times Literary Supplement

Our Authors

All the authors of the Oxford paperbacks listed below are also frequent or long-established contributors to *The Times Literary Supplement*.

1. Mary Warnock:
Ethics since 1900. Price: £4.50
3. Victoria Glendinning:
Edith Sitwell. Price: £4.95
4. Richard Cobb:
The Police and The People.
Price: £2.95
5. Michael Howard:
War and the Liberal Conscience.
Price: £2.95
6. Hugo Williams:
Writing Home. Price: £3.95
7. Patrick Leigh Fermor:
The Violins of Saint-Jacques.
Price: £2.95
8. D.J. Enright:
Academic Year. Price: £3.95

Our Offer

New subscribers to *The Times Literary Supplement* can now take advantage of an introductory offer. Choose any three of these books and you will receive them absolutely free, when you send off for your annual (52 issue) subscription for *The Times Literary Supplement*.

Subscription Rates:
U.K.: £40.00
Europe: £59.00
U.S.A. and Canada: US\$75.00
Rest of the World: Air Mail: £72.00
Surface Mail: £55.00

Please send me a year's subscription to the TLS, PLUS my 3 FREE books as ticked below.

1 ☐ 3 ☐ 4 ☐ 5 ☐
6 ☐ 7 ☐ 8 ☐

Name (BL7)

Address

Postcode

I enclose my cheque for £/US\$ made payable to The Times Supplements.
Please charge my credit card.

Signed

£/US\$ Date

Please tick:

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Card No.:

Please send this coupon together with your payment to:

Linda Bartlett, The Times Supplements,

Priority House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX

Please note that this offer closes on

December 31st and delivery outside the

U.K. can take up to 28 days.

The Times Literary Supplement

December 19 1986 Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX

Contents

ANCIENT HISTORY 1430, ECONOMICS 1420, ENGLISH LITERATURE 1427, FICTION 1428, FRANCE 1417, GERMANY 1415-16, HISTORY 1431, IRELAND 1432-3, MEMOIRS 1418-19, PHILOSOPHY 1429, POETRY 1421-3, PSYCHOLOGY 1418

- PETER HEYWORTH
IAN KERSHAW
J. F. McMillan
DAVID H. PINKNEY
ALAN BROWNJOHN
LYDIA GEREND
CHARLES RYCROFT
JOHN WHALE
DAVID CHANDLER
JONATHAN LUXMOORE
D. K. FIELDHOUSE
CHRISTOPHER JOHNSON
DENNIS J. O'KEEFE
PETER CONRAD
CHARLES TOMLINSON
MICHAEL O'NEILL
NEIL CORCORAN
SIMON RAE
LORNA SAGE
H. R. WOODHUYSEN
KATE FLINT
ARTHUR JACOBS
DAVID NOKES
ROSEMARY ASHTON
J. K. L. WALKER
KEITH WALKER
MARK SANDERSON
JO-ANN GOODWIN
PATRICIA CRAJO
ALAN RYAN
DAVID PAPINEAU
DAVID FREEDMAN
PAUL CARTLEDGE
HELEN KING
DAVID CANNADINE
KEITH BALLHATCHET
DAVID PRYCE-JONES
NICHOLAS CANNY
THEO HOPPEN
JOHN KELLY
ANNE HAVERTY
- Fred K. Prieberg: *Kraftprobe - Wilhelm Furtwängler im Dritten Reich* 1415-16
Woodruff D. Smith: *The Ideological Origins of Nazi Imperialism*
Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke: *The Occult Roots of Nazism - The arisotophists of Austria and Germany 1890-1935*
A. A. Brown: *Blood and Soil - Walther Darré and Hitler's "Green Party"*
Roberto A. Poa: *National Socialism and the Religion of Nature* 1416
Eugen Weber: *France, Fin de Siècle*
Philip O. Nord: *Paris Shopkeepers and the Politics of Resentment* 1417
J. P. T. Bury and R. P. Tombs: *Thiers 1797-1877 - A political life* 1417
Observation Car (poem) 1417
Joanna Field: *A Life of One's Own. An Experiment in Leisure* 1418
Alice Thomas Elliaad Tom Pitt-Aikens: *Secrets of Strangers* 1418
Gerald Priestland: *Something Understood - An autobiography* 1418
Someth May: *Cambodian Witness* 1419
Ben Kiernan (Editor): *Burichett - Reporting the other side of the world 1939-1983*
Tom Pocock: *East and West of Suez - The retreat from Empire* 1419
John Ravenhill (Editor): *Africa in Economic Crisis* 1420
David Graham and Peter Clarke: *The New Enlightenment - The rebirth of liberalism* 1420
Mark Blaug: *Great Economists before Keynes - An introduction to the lives and works of one hundred great economists of the past* 1420
Les A. Murray (Editor): *The New Book of Australian Verse*
Leonie Kramer and Adrian Mitchell (Editors): *The Oxford Anthology of Australian Literature* 1421-3
The Headland (poem) 1422
Iain Crichton Smith: *A Life* 1423
Peter Scupham: *Out Late* 1423
Kevin Crossley-Holland: *Watersloin and Other Poems* 1423
Behind the lines 1424
Sales of books and manuscripts 1424
Letters on Georges Dumézil: *Empire on Elliot, Pandemonium Presented, etc.* 1425
Author, Author 1425
Seventy-five years on 1425
Commentary
Sing a Song for Sixpence: *The English picture book tradition and Randolph Caldecott* (British Library) 1426
Gilberts in Conference 1426
Vita Sackville-West: *All Passion Spent* (BBC2) 1426
Adrian Mitchell: *The Pied Piper* (Olivier Theatre) 1426
Sondre J. Stang (Editor): *The Ford Modax Ford Reader* 1427
Oscar Wilde and others: *Telery* 1427
Brloo Gysin: *The Last Museum*
Richard Miller: *Snail* 1428
Angela Carter (Editor): *Wayward Girls Wicked Women* 1428
Paperback fiction in brief 1428
Andrew Reeve: *Property* 1429
D. C. Stove: *The Rationality of Induction* 1429
Nathao Salimpo: *Frege's Puzzle* 1429
David Whitehead: *The Demos of Attica 5087-ca. 250 B.C. - A political and social study*
Mogens Herman Haasen: *Demography and Democracy - The number of Athenian citizens in the fourth century B.C.* 1430
Mary R. Lefkowitz: *Women in Greek Myth* 1430
J. V. Beckett: *The Aristocracy in England 1660-1914* 1431
Arnold P. Kaminsky: *The India Office, 1880-1910* 1431
Michael Rosenthal: *The Character Factory - Boden-Powell and the origins of the Boy Scout movement* 1431
T. W. Moody and W. E. Vaughan (Editors): *A New History of Ireland - Volume Four, Eighteenth-Century Ireland, 1691-1800* 1432
Trevor West: *Horace Plunkett, Co-operation and Politics - An Irish biography* 1432
J. P. Donlevy: *Ireland - In all her sins and in some of her graces* 1433
Kevin Fitzgerald: *With O'Leary in the Grave* 1433
Paperbacks in brief 1434
TLS Listings 1434-6
Index of books reviewed 1435
Among this week's contributors 1436

Cover picture

A 1920s onlooker's portrait taken from *A True Likeness: The black South of Richard Samuel Roberts: 1920-1936*, edited by Thomas L. Johnson and Philip C. Dunn (200pp. Algonquin Books of Chapel Hill, P.O. Box 2225, Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27515, USA. \$34.95; paperback, \$19.95, 0912697482). The portrait is one of some 3,000 glass photographic plates that, after the death in 1936 of a black commercial photographer, were found stored under Roberts's house in Columbia, South Carolina. Almost all of the plates, recently reclaimed and restored, have remained in excellent condition. The 186 published in *A True Likeness* document middle-class black life in the Southern city in the 1920s.

Transgressions of a high priest

Peter Heyworth

FRED K. PRIEBERG
Kraftprobe: Wilhelm Furtwängler im Dritten Reich
485pp. Wiesbaden: Brockhaus.
376303704

Of all the celebrated musicians who remained in Germany during the Third Reich, Wilhelm Furtwängler has attracted the most opprobrium. Yet few artists did as much to mitigate the impact of the National Socialists' antisemitic policies on musical life or to resist their demands that it should serve political ends. Fred K. Prieberg's *Kraftprobe* (Trial of Strength), a well-documented study of his relations with the rulers of the Third Reich, sets out to resolve this paradox, and provides the most illuminating account yet written of musical life under the Nazis.

In 1946 Furtwängler, who, as Goebbels himself acknowledged, had never been a Nazi sympathizer, let alone a member of the party, found himself brought before a "denazification" court (which acquitted him of all charges) and confronted by attacks from many quarters, even on occasion by public demonstrations. Opposition to him reached its peak when in 1948 he was invited to conduct the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, which traditionally had strong German affiliations. Public outcry and a threat by a number of celebrated Jewish musicians to boycott the orchestra compelled him to withdraw, as twelve years earlier he had similarly been obliged to decline an invitation to succeed Toscanini as conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. I recall Furtwängler's ravaged, weary face when I was fleetingly introduced to him at the Salzburg Festival of 1949. Five years later, he died at the age of sixty-eight, embittered and prematurely aged, widely regarded as an embodiment of a regime he had by his own lights tried to resist.

Mr Prieberg sets out at once to defend his subject's intentions, while condemning his failure to take the measure of his opponents. That is a hard position to maintain, because it is precisely Furtwängler's lack of understanding of the Third Reich that calls his resistance to it into question.

Though Furtwängler was no Nazi, he was an anti-Nazi only in a limited sense. The child of a distinguished archaeologist, handsome, well-born, well-to-do and highly *gebildet*, he appeared to have been born under a lucky star. When at the age of only thirty-six he succeeded Nikisch as conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, he became in effect Germany's leading musician. Alongside these gifts, however, he inherited a more dubious birthright. Like so many members of his class in pre-Nazi Germany, his outlook was shaped by that fatal blend of nationalism and idealism which the great German Romantic philosophers and writers had bequeathed to an as yet unformed nation. Furtwängler found it hard to write a sentence about music without employing the word "deutsch", as Prieberg points out, he did so no less than six times in a seven-line tribute to Brahms on the centenary of the composer's birth in 1933 in Vienna. Music was for him largely German music; his description of Chopin as the greatest French composer neatly encapsulated his view of French music in general. Only Germans had composed "real" symphonies. The observation on Toscanini that he confided to his journal on the occasion of the Italian conductor's visit to Berlin in 1930 similarly reveal an alarming inability to comprehend any other culture than his own, and Toscanini's triumph is attributed to the fact that in the eyes of the "left-wing" press he had the merit of not being German.

Furtwängler's idealism proved even more fatal than his nationalism. For him, the arts were a realm of their own, a "selbstständige Kunstreich", far removed from the impurities of everyday existence, and in that realm he ruled as a high priest. A concert of German classical music was for him a transcendental experience, as indeed his manner of conducting indicated. With this unpromising armoury he entered into a trial of strength with the new totalitarianism.

Furtwängler regarded the Nazis with distaste in his eyes they were crude and vulgar populists. Many of his assurances of loyalty and support no doubt can be attributed to tactical motives; if he was to achieve his ends, he had to remain on speaking terms with Goering, who as Prussian prime minister was his immediate superior as long as he remained director of the Berlin State Opera, and with Goebbels, who directly controlled the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. But entries in his journals indicate that, in some respects at any rate, he welcomed the new régime, which had ended the shame of the Treaty of Versailles and of the Weimar Republic, and had brought "renewal" to Germany. He was able to use terms such as "ataatsfeindliche Kulturbolschewisten" and "jüdische Kulturbolschewismus" without embarrassment. And, his support for Hindemith apart, there is little to suggest that he did not, in many respects, sympathize with Nazi attitudes to contemporary music; as late as 1947 he described atonal music as "decadent". There is also no evidence that, publicly

1936 his intervention saved the skin of a Berlin critic he had little cause to like.

As the Nazi grip on Germany became more all-embracing and after Furtwängler had himself been stripped of his public offices, his limited freedom of action diminished perceptibly. None the less, in 1937 he declined to conduct the national anthems before a concert he gave with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra in Paris. On another occasion he contrived to give the first performance of Hindemith's opera, *Mutis der Mäler*, at the Berlin State Opera. Doubtless aware of Hitler's aversion to Hindemith's music (there is, however, no evidence for the attribution of this dislike, which Prieberg repeats, to a performance of *Neues vom Tage*) that he is said to have attended at the Kroll Opera) Goering indicated that permission would have to be sought from on high. Furtwängler, however, was still under the illusion that his positions as Staatsrat and on the Reichsmusikkammer gave him a determining voice in musical matters. He accordingly requested an audience with the Führer, and to ensure that Hitler would have the benefit of prior notice of his views wrote an article in defence of Hindemith and "the freedom of the artistic personality", which appeared in a Berlin newspaper. Eighteen months earlier, when the régime had still been feeling its way, Goebbels had been prepared to debate the role of the arts in National Socialist society. Hitler was not so disposed. He recognized a challenge he could not accept. The audience was cancelled and Furtwängler was abruptly informed that, in order, as it was indicated, to keep matters on a "friendly" basis, he was to resign all his offices. Failing that, he would be dismissed.



Wilhelm Furtwängler rehearsing with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; reproduced from The Baton and the Jackboot: Recollections of musical life (1944) by Berta Gelsmar, who had been Furtwängler's secretary.

he was looking for a way out of his difficulties. It was not hard to find the basis for a new agreement, for, once he had been subdued, the Nazi leaders had no intention of dispensing with his invaluable services. After a meeting with Goebbels, Furtwängler issued a statement in which he expressed regret for any political consequences of his article. These, he readily agreed, were a matter for the Führer alone. In April 1935 he was received by Hitler and one of his first tasks thereafter was to conduct a charity concert attended by Hitler, Goering and Goebbels.

Furtwängler's wings had been clipped. The régime paid him public honour, but he was not restored to his official position, though he remained a Staatsrat to the end. Even in the State Opera and the Philharmonic he was henceforth appeared only as a guest. He continued to draw unreal distinctions between life and art, as when he more than once agreed to conduct *Die Meistersinger* on the day before the official opening of the Party Days in Nuremberg in order to avoid conducting a concert within its framework. When, exceptionally, he conducted in occupied Prague, he opened his programme with Smetana's *Vltava* as a gesture of sympathy to the Czechs. But every attempt to squeeze concessions out of the régime only emphasized the fact that he was in the final resort beholden to it. When difficulties arose between him and Tietjan at Bayreuth, or when critics displeased him, who was there to turn to but Goebbels?

That weakness became more evident after the thirty-year-old Herbert von Karajan had made his sensational debut at the Berlin State Opera with *Metis und Isolda* in October 1935. 125th anniversary of the composer's birth in

beholden to the authorities. But his very unawareness of the unequalness of the ensuing trial of strength made him bold in defence of musical standards.

It was, significantly, not his immediate superiors, Goering and Goebbels, but the Führer himself who finally decided that this middle-class musician, who had so singularly failed to understand his place in the New Order, had caused sufficient trouble. In July 1934 Furtwängler indicated to Goering that he proposed to give the first performance of Hindemith's opera, *Mutis der Mäler*, at the Berlin State Opera. Doubtless aware of Hitler's aversion to Hindemith's music (there is, however, no evidence for the attribution of this dislike, which Prieberg repeats, to a performance of *Neues vom Tage*) that he is said to have attended at the Kroll Opera) Goering indicated that permission would have to be sought from on high. Furtwängler, however, was still under the illusion that his positions as Staatsrat and on the Reichsmusikkammer gave him a determining voice in musical matters. He accordingly requested an audience with the Führer, and to ensure that Hitler would have the benefit of prior notice of his views wrote an article in defence of Hindemith and "the freedom of the artistic personality", which appeared in a Berlin newspaper. Eighteen months earlier, when the régime had still been feeling its way, Goebbels had been prepared to debate the role of the arts in National Socialist society. Hitler was not so disposed. He recognized a challenge he could not accept. The audience was cancelled and Furtwängler was abruptly informed that, in order, as it was indicated, to keep matters on a "friendly" basis, he was to resign all his offices. Failing that, he would be dismissed.

Furtwängler was shattered. To the Viennese publisher, Hans Heinsheimer, who saw him a few days after the blow had fallen, he seemed to have aged perceptibly. Another man might have seen that the time had come to leave. The basis of a new existence had already appeared, for within a few days after the news of his "resignation" had gone round the world, approaches had been made by the New York and Philadelphia orchestras. But Hitler, with that uncanny sense of his opponents' weakness that was part of his power, had struck at the very basis of Furtwängler's existence. He was, first and foremost, a performing artist. Without his audience, he was an unfrocked priest. And the links that bound him to his German public were too intimate, too mystical even, to be reformed on foreign soil, where he would be, not a unique figure as in his own country, but one conductor among others. He was too profoundly German in his innermost being to envisage a life outside Germany and within weeks he was looking for a way out of his difficulties. It was not hard to find the basis for a new agreement, for, once he had been subdued, the Nazi leaders had no intention of dispensing with his invaluable services. After a meeting with Goebbels, Furtwängler issued a statement in which he expressed regret for any political consequences of his article. These, he readily agreed, were a matter for the Führer alone. In April 1935 he was received by Hitler and one of his first tasks thereafter was to conduct a charity concert attended by Hitler, Goering and Goebbels.

Furtwängler's wings had been clipped. The régime paid him public honour, but he was not restored to his official position, though he remained a Staatsrat to the end. Even in the State Opera and the Philharmonic he was henceforth appeared only as a guest. He continued to draw unreal distinctions between life and art, as when he more than once agreed to conduct *Die Meistersinger* on the day before the official opening of the Party Days in Nuremberg in order to avoid conducting a concert within its framework. When, exceptionally, he conducted in occupied Prague, he opened his programme with Smetana's *Vltava* as a gesture of sympathy to the Czechs. But every attempt to squeeze concessions out of the régime only emphasized the fact that he was in the final resort beholden to it. When difficulties arose between him and Tietjan at Bayreuth, or when critics displeased him, who was there to turn to but Goebbels?

That weakness became more evident after the thirty-year-old Herbert von Karajan had made his sensational debut at the Berlin State Opera with *Metis und Isolda* in October 1935.

Moments of delight

Lydia Gerend

JOANNA FIELD
A Life of One's Own
256pp. Virago. £4.50.
0 85066 821 6
An Experiment in Lethargy
235pp. Virago. £4.50.
0 85066 789 9

In 1926, when she was twenty-six, Marion Milner (Joanna Field) decided something was badly wrong with her life. On the surface it seemed an enviable one; she was a professional psychologist with a good standard of living and a lively social life. But she had periods of acute anxiety, a feeling of being cut off from other people, and – most disturbing of all – a growing sense that her life was not her own. Finally, she set out to discover her true likes and dislikes and to “find a standard of values that is truly one's own and not a borrowed mass-produced ideal”. Eight years later the results appeared as *A Life of One's Own*, under the pseudonym Joanna Field, which is reprinted in this reissue.

Marion Milner begins by using a diary to record the things that have made her happy each day, but the first week's gleanings are meagre: the sound of a piano in the distance, the splashing water in her bath, a glimpse of London rooftops, some music. She then tries free association with only slightly improved results. Gradually she realizes that the “moments of delight” come only when her conscious mind has let go, creating an emptiness into which outside impressions can flow unimpeded by reason or attention. So, she begins to look for a way of inducing and capturing these fleeting sensations, but “the more I tried to grasp, the more I felt that I was ever outside, missing things. At that time I could not understand at all that my real purpose might be to learn to have my purposes.” One reviewer of the original edition of *A Life of One's Own* compared it to a detective story, and certainly it is full of false starts and buried clues whose significance was understood only years later. Milner has also been called a mystic. This she denies, for she never forgets she is part of the twentieth-century West.

This is not over territory. Jung has been there in *Symbols of Transformation*, though with poorer prose and less humour. Recently, many have attempted the journey with drugs, and a number of cults now offer quick trips to the unconscious with happiness guaranteed. (Mrs Milner: “Happiness is not the same as pleasure; it includes the pain of losing as well as the pleasure of finding.”) Though Milner writes of “a method” which she hopes may be of use to others, what she really offers is more difficult and valuable: the experiment of one life, presented with astonishing modesty. But for those wishing to follow her example she issues a very warning: “Let no one undertake such an experiment who is not prepared to find himself more of a fool than he thought.”

Soon after finishing *A Life of One's Own*, Milner realized she had not gone far enough and embarked on a second experiment. This time she begins with her childhood diaries and is disturbed to find that all the most resonant

entries are about nature. In foreign travels, too, it is always the primitive landscapes that move her, with the significant exception of an encounter with Navajo Indians. Where is the human in all this? Then she remembers her childhood preoccupation with wilder and gradually a theme of “horns and hoofs” emerges. By Chapter Five of *An Experiment in Lethargy* she understands that “the time had come for me to go in deliberate search of the Devil”. What follows is a personal exploration of evil, myth and the ancient gods.

In one sense, both of these books are concerned with death. In the first Milner learns how to yield to the annihilation of the ego, risking the void. In the second she confronts “the moment of truth”, both actual and symbolic, during a Spanish bullfight. But just as annihilation of ego can lead to a joyous flooding-in of “the other”, death can be the beginning of a rebirth far removed from religion.



Olga Spassivseva and Serge Lifar in Bacchus and Ariadne, 1931, by George Hoyningen-Huene, whose work for Vogue in Paris in the 1920s and later in the 1930s for Harper's Bazaar remains influential today. This portrait is taken from William A. Ewing's *The Photographic Art of Hoyningen-Huene* (248pp. Thames and Hudson. £30. 0 500 54115 9).

I thought the acceptance of the fact of death with full emotional realization, and without fear or self-protection in bitterness or cynicism, is perhaps the final test of acceptance of reality. . . . And I had guessed that if you accept the thought of death with any after-thoughts of immortality it is not a full acceptance. There must be at least one moment of complete blank extinction, a plunge into nothingness.

Marion Milner's style is wonderfully clear, and extracts from the diaries are “moments of delight” in themselves: “At the Zoo. Joy of long red legs and yellow ones, in a sudden run . . .”. And at a café in the Black Forest: “A chicken at my feet fustily crunches a blade of grass . . .”.

Artists, among others, will recognize the strange state she describes as “active passivity” or “diligent indolence” which is the prerequisite of creativity.

Mass-media missionary

John Whale

GERALD PRIESTLAND
Something Understood: An autobiography
287pp. Deutsch. £12.95.
0 233 97500 5

England has had few religious voices that could speak to the whole country. The trick had to wait for the coming of broadcasting: not so much because of broadcasting's reach as because of its non-denominationalism. In the world outside broadcasting, if you want either to dispense or to receive a religious word with any regularity you have first to choose a pulpit to speak from or sit under, a godly periodical to write for or subscribe to. You have to line up as an Anglican, a Roman Catholic, a Methodist, or so. But broadcasting passes across those dividing walls. The servants know that they are heard by every denomination; and they soon learn the tone of voice which acknowledges

that one denomination is as likely to be right as another.

Of the two media of broadcasting, the one better adapted to God-talk is radio. Ten years ago Gerald Priestland became the BBC's Religious Affairs Correspondent and inherited the chance to give a four-and-a-half-minute talk twice before breakfast every Saturday morning on Radio 4. He renamed it *Yours Faithfully*. In it, for five years, he reported and discussed current questions in belief and church order, or sometimes looked at a secular event, like a kidnapping, through a religious glass.

What he thought he was meant to be doing, it once said, was not judging people but trying to understand them and pass their messages on to each other. He collected these messages by travelling round churches and conferences and places where the faithful were. He was himself faithful, but with a faith which sat loose to dogma or sacerdotalism and perceived that all God-talk “must be in the nature of metaphor, poetry, myth”. He was self-deprecatory and

Down to the family

Charles Rycroft

ALICE THOMAS ELLIS and TOM PITT-AIKENS
Secrets of Strangers
216pp. Duckworth. £12.95.
0 7156 211 1

This is a strange, original but, I think, totally misguided book. The authors are a novelist who also writes a weekly column for the *Spectator*, and a psychoanalyst who specializes in the treatment of adolescents and delinquents. Since the first author uses her pseudonym and the delinquent and his family described in the text have, for the sake of confidentiality, been given fictitious names, it is perhaps worth mentioning that there really is a Tom Pitt-Aikens, whose qualifications and career are recorded in the *Medical Directory*.

Rather surprisingly, in view of the fact that

novel and, being surrounded by teenage children, was still fascinated by the problem of the seemingly inherent awfulness of the human race.

This passage is, incidentally, a good example of the way in which Mrs Ellis intrudes herself, her personal feelings and prejudices, throughout a book whose subject-matter surely demanded that she should be self-effacing. On finishing it I felt that I knew much more about her than I did about Geoffrey, its delinquent subject, and his family.

Pitt-Aikens believes, apparently, that delinquents are the victims of intrusions into their psyches of structures which properly belong inside their parents'. As he rather curiously puts it:

It seems that the parents of delinquents have, as a result of their own deficient rearing, certain psychic deficits, some of which take up particularly shaped spaces – or “psychic holes” – which are then exploded out of the parent's psyche, invasion-like, into the psyche of another individual (in my experience often their own child).

Or as Ellis, perhaps slightly more comprehensibly, puts it:

Intermittently or constantly the body of the delinquent is pervaded and run by a different spirit – the origin of this different spirit deriving from the delinquency of the grandparent, who by his dereliction of duty . . . gives rise to the non-provision of good authority models for identification by his child – the parent of today's overt delinquent.

The precise implications of these two formulations are not explored, and it remains unclear whether either or both of the authors believe literally in spirits, or what processes they conceive to be at work that make it possible for “psychic deficits” or “spirits” to be transmitted from one generation to another. Nor indeed does the main text, which consists of the minutes of thirty-six case conferences devoted to the problems of Geoffrey, a teenager recurrently in trouble for theft, transvestism, violence and arson, plus a chatty running commentary by Ellis, really seek to demonstrate anything as dramatic. It confines itself to recording Geoffrey's misdemeanours, the baffled confusion of his parents and the various psychologists, social workers and probation officers dealing with him, and Pitt-Aikens's expositions of his conviction that the causes of Geoffrey's delinquencies were to be found in his family history.

Pitt-Aikens seems to have decided very early on that Geoffrey's behaviour was in some way the result of a re-enactment of the suicide at the age of seventeen of his father's elder brother, and of the family's failure to attach any significance to this event. It is, however, quite unclear whether Pitt-Aikens's persistent pressure on the family to contemplate this suicide – and the family history and mythology generally – had any effect on Geoffrey (who in any case only rarely attended the conferences), though it does emerge that his mother had wanted to name Geoffrey after this uncle but had been prevented from doing so by her husband. If there is anything in Dr Pitt-Aikens's thesis, the ematourish, overelated way in which Alice Thomas Ellis tells the story does not help us to believe it.

He was unlike the few other psychiatrists whom I knew and his methods seemed to me original and fresh as well as apparently efficacious. I am so interested as the next man in evil and delinquency and when I ceased to be his patient I suggested that we might write this book together.

I had already written about a delinquent boy in a

common-sensical. He wrote out his findings in sound conversational prose, and delivered them faultlessly. His listeners were numbered in millions; his correspondents in thousands. Before he retired (early, to become an independent writer), he made a set of programmes about Christian belief called *Priestland's Progress*. Twenty thousand people wrote to him about it. Church leaders, the prisoners of their denominations, seldom make such an impact.

The random sequences of events that equipped Priestland for these tasks is set out in his autobiography, *Something Understood*. He was sent away before he was eight to a prep school, and thence to do Classics at Charterhouse: it was only after treatment for melancholia much later in life that he could forgive his parents this banishment, or himself for not having been able to forgive them. He read Modern Greek at New College, Oxford, without astonishing his tutors. (While he read his philosophy essays to Isaiah Berlin, the great man let loose clockwork penguins on the

hearthrug.) In 1949 he joined the BBC as a trainee sub-editor for radio news. In 1954 he went as the BBC's correspondent to Delhi; in 1958 to Washington, as the number-two man there; in 1960 briefly to Beirut; in 1961 to Alexandra Palace in London, to learn about television; in 1965 to Washington again, as the number-one man; and in 1969 back to London, for eight years of various kinds of news presentation and analysis. During this time, released at last from melancholia, he joined the Quakers, who are about as non-denominational as you can get; and he told a BBC hierarchy he was increasingly interested in religion. The BBC made the right appointment. The man and the moment had converged.

Narrative rather than reflective, the autobiography offers few theories about the reasons for the convergence. But parts of it will be useful elements in the history of both broadcasting and religion in this country. The title is from Herbert's sonnet on prayer.

Survival values

David Chandler

SOMETH MAY
Cambodian Witness
Edited by James Fenton
287pp. Faber. £9.95.
0 371 14609 0

Something May was a student in Phnom Penh in April 1975 when Cambodian Communist forces, the so-called Khmer Rouge, burst into the city and drove two million people out of it, so ending a civil war that had ravaged the surrounding countryside since 1970. For the next four years, until the Vietnamese invasion in 1979, the Khmer Rouge administration, or Democratic Kampuchea as it called itself, tore the country apart. Perhaps a million people, or one out of every seven Cambodians – estimates vary, and this is a relatively “low” one – were executed or died of overwork, malnutrition, and untreated or misdiagnosed disease. Mr May lost ten members of his family of thirteen. *Cambodian Witness* is a limpid, passionate memoir that reveals not only what May and

millions of Cambodians endured (and what they lost) but also how the author, at least, was transformed by his experiences. He writes that the revolution forced me to become a liar, a thief, a smuggler, a classical dancer, a refugee and finally a stateless person. And now that I have survived I want to tell the story, exactly as it happened.

The phrasing here, though, is a little disingenuous. May has done much more, and something less, than tell “the story, exactly as it happened”, for in the process of writing *Cambodian Witness* he became a fluent and persuasive English author and his book is a work of art.

Soon after he crossed into Thailand in 1980, May began to work on his memoir and, according to his friend James Fenton's introduction, the process of writing it took up the next five years of his life – in England and the United States. His first hundred pages or so tell us about his cosseted childhood in Phnom Penh (apparently, he had never seen a rice-farmer until he was eleven). His parents, Cambodians from southern Vietnam (or “lower Cambodia”, as it was known in Phnom Penh), had no relatives in Cambodia, and no rural connections.

Journals at large

Jonathan Luxmoore

BEN KERNAN (Editor)
Burchett Reporting the Other Side of the World
1939-1983
315pp. Quartet. £14.95.
0 7043 2580 2
TOM POCOCC
East and West of Suez: The retreat from Empire
286pp. Bodley Head. £12.95.
0 370 30615 5

Few if any journalists have ever risen to such heights of notoriety as the Australian Wilfred Burchett, whose vigorous support of the Communist side in every major conflict with the West over half a century made him a legend – and the only Australian to have been officially branded a traitor in his own lifetime.

It was in the anti-colonial struggles of Asia, as Burchett *Reporting the Other Side of the World 1939-1983* makes clear, that Burchett achieved his forte. By the late 1940s, he was already a noted member of the “twilight brigade” of Western sympathizers and fellow-travellers proffering their services in the cause of Mao's revolution. He saw little value in cluttering the minds of his readers with ambivalence, and his reports from the Chinese side during the Korean War were regularly broadcast to the world by *Xinhua* and the New China News Agency.

In 1954, when the era of French administration in Indo-China was being consigned to oblivion, Burchett entered Hanoi with detachment of the Vietnam People's Army and became the first Western correspondent to visit Ho Chi Minh's headquarters. Over the next twenty years, he published a string of books with titles like *Vietnam North and Vietnam Will Win*. At critical moments like the arrival of American ground troops in 1965 and the Tet Offensive of 1968 he was invariably on hand to eulogize the Communist case.

When the Lon Nol regime in neighbouring Cambodia finally collapsed in 1975, Burchett praised the new constitution of “Democratic Kampuchea”, drawn up by the bestial Khmer Rouge, as “one of the most democratic and revolutionary constitutions in existence anywhere”.

And there, until now, the record has stood. But was Burchett nothing more than a crude propagandist? After his death in 1983 the Australian government released its files on his case, and in this collection of essays we are presented with a classic work of historical revisionism: significant not only as a bid for Burchett's personal rehabilitation but also as a partial vindication of the regionalist strains in Australian political culture with which he was identified by his devotees.

Much of the book is well researched. But its impact is diminished by a tendency to fall back upon moralistic rhetoric and circumstantial evidence, and by the all too obvious identifica-

tion of most contributors with the political standpoint of their subject. In the end, we are left wondering just who this long-time *belle noire* of the liberal establishment really was. Was he, as his foremost opponent Denis Warner once remarked, simply a “clever, calculating communist”? Or was he, as John Pilger argues in his preface, merely “a peculiarly Australian radical”, applying the ideal of the 1930s’ labour tradition to the conflicts and crises of his time? The true answer is almost certainly a combination of the two, and if Burchett genuinely deserves such a fulsome tribute, it must be that in his case the image of the partisan correspondent as the unwitting victim of deception and disinformation was never further from the truth. Burchett made no secret of his loyalties, and his commitment to the struggle never wavered.

But there was also no mistaking his energy and resourcefulness, and to the course of his career he took the kudos for some impressive scoops – his reputed discovery of the “atomic plague” at Hiroshima being only the most famous. It was Burchett who discovered the Pethet Lao's titular leader, Prince Souphanouvong, lurking under Ho Chi Minh's patronage in 1954, and it was Burchett who made the first known reference to a mysterious former Buddhist monk, Saloth Sar (later to be known as Pol Pot), in the early 1970s. His access to the luminaries was unrivalled, and his reward for unremitting service to the cause was a lifetime of exclusives.

For the majority of Burchett's “bourgeois” competitors, prey to the whims and deadlines of their editors, the work of a successful correspondent demanded more conventional attributes. One of these was Tom Pocock, whose *East and West of Suez* is a neat personal chronicle of Britain's graceful retreat from Empire over the same period. The imperial regress was far from uneventful. There were EOKA rebellions in Cyprus, sabre-rattling excursions into the Red Sea, bizarre military forays into Borneo and Malaya. There are, in Pocock's colorful and unpretentious account, traces of make-believe which aptly convey the flavour of these events. There were good guys and bad guys to be sure; and no correspondent with an ounce of sound judgment could expect to be above taking sides on occasion. Overall, however, there seemed to be few coherent geopolitical or ideological considerations to be agonized over.

In both of these books, one finds intimations of the power of the well-planned correspondent – both to inform public opinion and to exploit its susceptibilities. If Burchett carried this to excess, his career was merely a reminder that the notion of the correspondent as a neutral observer was a peculiarly Western one, which was not shared by the totalitarian cultures of the Third World and the Communist bloc. For the likes of Pocock, by contrast, seeking out “a neat little war with a good hotel” was still an honourable pursuit, in which fortunes could be made and careers established.

When they were driven into the countryside in 1975, they entered a world which, it seems, was largely unfamiliar to them, known only from occasional picnics. Although his early years may have been less exotic and unruffled than May remembers, it is clear that they had provided him with no curiosity about political ideas and neither he nor his family were remotely prepared for life under the Khmer Rouge. At the same time, during those peaceful years their deep affection for each other was allowed to mature. And, in the end, this was their only weapon against the Communist régime; because of it, the Khmer Rouge failed to destroy all of them. Of course, the tranquillity of May's youth, like that of members of the Phnom Penh élites who have also written their memoirs, was to some extent based on the false assumption that the peasantry who were far poorer than he was were more or less as happy.

The crucial pages of *Cambodian Witness* deal with life in Democratic Kampuchea. The austerity, squalor, violence and injustice of these years are fastidiously presented. On the whole, May manages to achieve a certain distance; and while the narrative is told in the first person, he often gives the impression of observing himself as well as his other characters. The effort is reminiscent of Isherwood's early novels or occasionally of Denton Welch. May's final section carries him out of Cambodia into exile, first to refugee camps in Thailand, and then to the United States. His final sentence – “I had no idea where on earth I was” – completes the circle of his uprooting and transplantation.

Like another six million Cambodians, May paid an extraordinary price in order to arrive at 1980. In the following years, no longer driven by others, he drove himself to become an author in a foreign language so as to bring to life those he had lost, as well as those who, in his collective sense, were responsible for their deaths. His book is an examination of the Cambodian revolution in terms of its effects

rather than its intentions. He shows us well-fed party cadres, reports fragments of meaningless speeches, and gives many examples of random cruelty, and more rarely, random kindness. No social theories sustained him under the Khmer Rouge, and he has no coherent social theories now; like most of us, he lives by values, memories, preferences and affections. His failure to understand (or even to contemplate) what the Khmer Rouge had in mind without doubt helped him to survive their assault on his person.

Because millions of Cambodians were so unresponsive to Communist imperatives (or Vietnamese imperatives today), preferring their “merely personal values”, it seems that they have been able, in some ways, to transcend the laws of history. They have succeeded in bypassing revolutions, which run counter to the imperatives of everyday life. For these reasons, while *Cambodian Witness* is understandably melancholy and often bitter, it is also triumphant, a chronicle of a victorious, post-revolutionary people.

My only reservation has to do with the extent of Mr Fenton's contribution. In his introduction, he says that he was “directly involved in reshaping the already rich material” in the final stages, and one would sometimes like to know who was responsible for particular metaphors and vignettes. When, for example, May compares a cratered field to “one of those baking tins for individual Yorkshire puddings” one cannot but imagine Fenton at his elbow, but such moments are infrequent. Whatever Fenton may have done to (or for) the manuscript, *Cambodian Witness* has a remarkably consistent point of view. Perhaps a dozen end-notes, clarifying the throw-away historical and geographical references, would be helpful to non-specialists, and future editions could particularly include a map of May's movements during 1975 to 1979.

But this is a highly disciplined book. It retains the directness of a *cri de coeur*. As a survivor's testament, it is very fine indeed.

THE TIMES Book brain teasers



1. How did the night valet cope with the Battle of Wagram? And what had these two to do with it?

2. How were this man's elegies celebrated in ale?

3. Who is this and how did he distinguish antique demons?

If you can answer these questions, don't miss *The Times* Prize Christmas Quiz on December 24. It is designed to test your general knowledge on every conceivable subject – and there's champagne in store for the winners



... and regularly in *The Times*, Peter Ackroyd (left) on books, Bernard Levin on the way we live now, Suzy Menkes on fashion, Kenneth Fleet on finance, Irving Wardle on the theatre, Frances Gibb on the law, Paul Griffiths on music, Shona Crawford Poole on travel, Clifford Longley on the Church, Philip Howard on words, David Robinson on the cinema . . . and much more each week

THE TIMES

The world's most famous newspaper (25p)

of Chapman's Homer. The translation literally translates Keats, making him travel as a nautical must; Porter's experience too, buying the book for 5p at a village fête, is to be transported from that cosy English setting to the primitive husbandry of smallholders in the south — "yes, Australians are Bocoitians". Malouf's poem "Reading Horace Outside Sydney, 1970" begins by conceding that the literary perspective warps reality. "The distance is deceptive", but it exists to create and to equalize two separate distances, one spatial, the other temporal. Sydney, obscured in the heat haze, is thirty miles away, Rome two thousand years off, but Malouf by means of the book is equidistant from them, and from the vertically distant Cessna biplane which, "cropping lucerne", reviews the landscape with a meditative superciliousness like his own. Malouf has taken Horatian Rome with its embattled empire as a metaphor for Sydney, where decline and fall are charted by the noiseless crash of mineral stocks.

Down under the rest of the world, Australia metamorphosed reality by turning that world upside down. Its settlement coincided with Romanticism, and its early literature treats the country as an antipodean inversion of European Romanticism. The numinous, spooky Gothicism of the north was rediscovered in the remote south. Marcus Clarke, in a preface to Adam Lindsay Gordon's poems, argued that nightmarish Australia might have been hallucinated by Poe: the "dominant note" of its scenery is "Weird Melancholy"; the bush is "funereal, secret, stern". The self-deceptive manufacture of Arcady, Bocoitia or Rome is undermined by an edgier grotesquerie. The topography is that of suffering. Explorers name peaks after the bottomless depths of their gloom — Mount Misery, Mount Despair. The cockatoos shriek "like evil souls", and Clarke recites the legend of the Bunyip as if it were one of the traumatic Highland superstitions in Collins's ode. This is also the dawning nature whittled into aborted shapes inside Christabel's house or in Dickens's jingly London: a "fantastic land of nonstrosities".

Australia's physical symbolism is gnarled and knotted, an idiom of irregular, unclassical form. Clarke refers to the "hieroglyphs of haggard gum-trees", and the suspicion persists that Australia is a cabalistic text, hinting at arcane meanings and encoding the secrets of a geographical underworld. A. L. Gordon in his turn proposes that the eucalypt trunks have been "carved like weird columns Egyptian / With curious device, quaint inscription, / And hieroglyph strange"; Henry Lawson describes the bush as "nurse and tutor of eccentric minds, home of the weird", while George Gordon McCrae hears there the "death-like Silence of Despair". Dorothea MacKellar's patriotic hymn "My Country" notices terror as well as beauty: "The stark white ring-barked forests, / All tragic to the moon". For Douglas Stewart, this is a haggard Gothic landscape under pitiless Mediterranean skies: "So much horror in the clear Australian sunlight!" Patrick White surveys a sublime mental desert which he calls "the Great Australian Emptiness", as maddening as the white void is for Melville's Ahab. In Peter Carey's story about the windmill, reality has been abstracted by a dazzling light, and "everything looks like one of those colour photographs he took in Washington, overexposed and bleached out", unreadable because featureless.

Hazlitt's theory of poetry argued that Romanticism was the mind's extinction of nature. Poetry had begun in the enjoyment of bodily vitality, energizing the world in epic similes like Homer's; its long career ended, Hazlitt believed, with Wordsworth and Coleridge miserably traversing an earth deadened by their solipsism, visiting the grave-sites of defunct feelings. Australian history turns Hazlitt's myth into a fact. One civilization is interred so another can build on its remains; the land is a storied crypt. The Australian natives, like Hazlitt's primordial epic poets, had endowed every rock and water-hole with significance and sanctity. When they were driven off or killed, their tumuli were robbed of meaning. To the aboriginal, Ayers Rock is a geological cathedral. For the white man, it is reduced to a photo-opportunity (or a place made infamous by a dingy's ermo). Neil McDonald's "Burragorang" describes this desecration, like the

ruining of Margaret's cottage in *The Excursion* or the decay of Tintern Abbey:

... the tribes ... melted away
... with the songs they sang
And their dances, leaving a little ash and silence
About the sacred stones of Burragorang;

and C. J. Koch, on a shelly beach, guiltily senses the relics of "the dead and gone Tasmanian dark men" shattering under his feet, smells decay, and hears the cawing curse of a sea-bird.

Now, there are two Australias: MacKellar's "sunburnt country", populated by surfers, boozers and the bovine grazers of Peter Kocan's poem ("A miracle / Of normalcy is a cow's mind"); opposed to it, the heart of darkness mapped by the critic H. P. Heseltine, bristling with denuded trees like those described by Henry Handel Richardson when Maurice Guest dies — "a continent", as Heseltine puts it, "literally capable of driving its inhabitants insane". Les A. Murray's "An Absolutely Ordinary Rainbow", included by Leonie Kramer and Adrian Mitchell, emphasizes the disaffection which hurts Australians into poetry. A man weeps inexplicably in a Sydney street, causing scandalized crowds to gather and traffic to pile up; he dares to be unhappy and unsatisfied in the land of glut. Murray's "Equanimity", which he chooses for his own anthology, abolishes that pastoral folly which replaced the indigenous meanings scorched and serped from Australia by the colonists: "there are no Arcadias" — except those on sale in Susan Hampton's "The Fire Station's Delight", where The Alternative Grass Centre displays a shaved, manicured acreage of All Purpose Super-grass Carpet Turf. Oary Catalano in his "Australin" remains appalled: "How terrible it is!"

Since Australia has stood the world on its head, its poetry inherits a scrambled array of disjected images, as incongruous as the cards in the Tarot pack. The puzzle is to determine what those images refer to; to improvise a system which might account for these stranded metaphors and left-over, damaged symbols. James McAuley, evoking the "mythical Australia" of the voyager Quiros, defines it as "your land of similes"; Randolph Stow declares that "what, in the end, I see in Australia ... is an enormous symbol". McAuley's geography of metaphor resurrects the old icons of religious assurance, catholic in their global relevance. The cockatoo, for him as for Marcus Clarke, "screams" with demoniac pain", but elsewhere there are serene remonstrances to faith: the pollen of wattle inseminates "the doubting heart", the angophora "preaches ... / With the gestures of Moses". McAuley reads the orchards of the Huon Valley in Tasmania as a Keatsian granary, harvesting moral fruits ("Life is full of returns"); the proximity of a sports field and an old folks' home in suburban Hobart comfortably medievalizes society, as both ages of man join "in the same picture-book of hours".

The landscape must be argued into significance. "Here is the symbol", says Judith Wright of a cliff called Nigger's Leap, which recalls her to "a time for synthesis". Her poem works out an accord between historical guilt and compassionate fellow-feeling, treating

suicide as a merger with Jung's oceanic life:

Night floods us suddenly as history
that has sunk many islands in its good time.

With the same metaphoric mobility, Wright can repatriate the driver of an outback bullock-train to the terrain of the Old Testament:

The prophet Moses feeds the grape,
and fruitful is the Promised Land.

A. D. Hope's poem "Australia" longs for such symbolic progeny. "If still from the deserts prophets come", McAuley, however, admits that the quest for meanings is urgent precisely because they're so sparse and tenuous. Remembering a childish fascination with a wistaria vine, he reflects

The soul must feed on something for its dreams
in those brick suburbs, and there wasn't much:
It can make do with little, so it seems.

Despite its flimsiness, he poetically nourishes the growths one more testament to faith, and it soon garlands an iconographic altar with "crossed flags at the back", poised "between the brass cross and the Union Jack". McAuley's effort is the fabrication of symbolism; the duty of Stow's missionary Heriot in *To the Islands* is iconoclasm, destroying a symbolic fiction which lies between him and the nothingness of the land. Heriot breaks his crucifix and decides, dying in the wilderness, that "my soul is a strange country" — an internal Australia, dangerously vacant and inimical, still imponderable to him.

Australia wills a literature into existence. The critic P. R. Stephenson warned that without it, the country "remains a colony, no nation". The invention demands a return to origins. Since Australia began the world over again — whether in the fragrant felicity of Gilmore's paradise or by the guilty fall from grace suffered by the convicts — its literature also reverts to primitive beginnings. "They call her a young country, but they lie", said Hope, for whom Australia was ancestral, atavistic; and the literature of the new land is likewise elderlier, resorting to forms outgrown centuries ago in Europe. In the two centuries covered by these anthologies, Australia impatiently works through a literary history which in England extends across a thousand years. The formal plot of that literature proceeds from primitive, belligerent epic by way of itinerant, exploratory romance to a modern, minimal pastoral, making do with an exiguous landscape — Douglas Stewart listening to the cracked earth "stammer ... Its broken phrases", Harold Stewart scrutinizing surf and deciphering "nacreous scriptures on the surge", C. E. W. Bean interpreting the geological tragedies of an eroded red desert, E. O. Moll pitying "the lesser music of the grass".

Australian epic is the song of bardic hood and muscular vigour. The wild bush horse in Banjo Paterson's "The Man from Snowy River" is a Homeric steed which "snuffs the battle with delight"; in "Father Riley's Horse" he describes some bolsters equestrian funeral games which might have happened in the camp of Achilles. The anonymous ballad about "The Bastard from the Bush" — illicitly circulated among Australian schoolboys in my youth, now granted literary respectability in Murray's

anthology — treats the wrath of epic heroism with foul-mouthed comic glee. The eponymous bastard vows to "knock a fucking horse down!" and to "dong a bloody copper if [he] caught the cunt alone". The tradition persists into the present: Shane McAuley's poem about a two-up school on Anzac Day sees the gamblers as ancient warriors and athletes, notlog "The atmosphere of the tribal cave, both / Ritual end game", the spinner twirling coins with the concentration of a javelin-thrower.

After these epic jousts, rehearsing bodily strength and skill, come the mentally nimble heroes of romance, fantasists and devious fictioneers. Sinnett believed that "the natural and external circumstances of Australia partake much more of what we used to call romance than those of England", but the romancing is expressed as cheerful mendacity: the "yarns" of the swagsmen, called by the journalist W. A. J. Boyd "a liar of the most stupendous magnitude"; more recently, the trickery of Peter Carey's "lilywhacker".

Beyond this, the literature of modern Australia remains grounded in pastoral, even when its landscapes are soiled or parodic, like the Great War trenches of Frederic Manning, "endless lanes sunk in the clay" — a cruel replica of the English countryside, a muddy subterranean garden where naive young Australia lost its innocence. A. D. Hope, quoting Wordsworth, has commented on the Australian novel's abiding predilection for "humble and rustic life". Where else could a great modernist produce a work like Patrick White's weather-beaten bucolic idyll *The Tree of Man*? Furnley Maurice messily democratizes the Wordsworthian pastoral in "The Victoria Markets Recollected in Tranquillity", with its cornucopia of skinned rabbits and water-melons dispensed "from Earth's mothering soul". A poem by Francis Letters describes a mute inglorious Australian Milton, to whom the muses have given "everything but song". That disabled poet is nourished into eloquence by an edible pastoral abundance: "Milton became melons" in Kenneth Slessor's "Five Bells", and a tropical rhapsody by Richard Tipping's reconstitutes the lush Marvellian garden — "mangoes are a positive good in the world / mangoes like poetry".

H. P. Heseltine claims for Australia a uniquely modern literature, sceptical about social membership and elated by existential cliff-hanging. "Men write poems in Australia", as Slessor conjectures in *Five Visions of Captain Cook*, as a defiant affront to a deranging reality. To me, on the evidence of these anthologies, Australian literature seems more hearteningly traditional. Though Heseltine (in an essay included by Kramer and Mitchell) disparages the nineteenth century's fondness for "sociable yarnings", those tales round the camp-fire make up a collaborative narrative, a sacred circle of story-telling inside which a home-grown literature can help men share and overcome their fears. This is the motive of Banjo Paterson, to whom Clancy of the Overflow writes "with a thumb-nail dipped in tar". The Man from Snowy River is immortalized by recitation: he's "a household word today, / And the stockmen tell the story of his ride". John Manifold, at a friend's tomb in Crete, performs the same epic ceremony of commemoration, building "a cairn of words" and recalling John Learmonth's own invention of an Australian literature:

Schoolboy, I watched his ballading begin:
Billy and bullocky and billabong.
Our properties of childhood, all were in.

In Rosemary Dobson's "Country Press" that bardic, mnemonic function has been assumed by the rural newspaper, in whose roll-call of the race she wants to be entered: typesetting her own obituary, she asks

When I shall die
Set me up close against my fellow-men ...
I shall go home to the Western Star;

and James McAuley calls the love of his parents as reliably "daily as the Sydney Morning Herald". To paraphrase Slessor, men write poems in Australia to feel at home there, not to estrange themselves by force, as Heseltine demands when he calls for a literature to face "the primal heart of the matter". Writing, after clothes and architecture, is the best defence.

Comparisons and contrasts

Michael O'Neill

IAN CRICHTON SMITH
A Life
64pp. Manchester: Carcanet. £4.95.
0856356441

"If everything is contingent / how can the poem / be made necessary?" A shade pseudo-philosophical, its lineation clipped-up, this question from the final section of *A Life* does not show Iain Crichton Smith's accomplished formal skills at their surest. But the lines reveal a self-consciousness which saves what the blurb calls a "verse autobiography" from falling into the anecdotal. Crichton Smith shapes his seemingly loose sequences into an impressively weighted long poem. At times the thematic design of *A Life* is more compelling than its verbal detail: "Its transient images are what etch and burn. / And in the cafe a small radio plays. / Everything passes, everything is weighed / with a random music, heartbreaking-sweet". This attempt to underscore the overall celebration of the "contingent" earns its

Murray at least can't be accused of blandness. He's aware that the anthology is a polemical form, aggressively revising literary history by dismissive omissions and startling inclusions. Murray's editorial ideology is mainly democratic, nationalistic and republican. He declares the "class distinction ... between veracular and pukka verse", and ushers in the anonymous songs of settlers and miners along with the suburban doggerel of Dame Edna Everage. He mistrusts the yearning Anglophilia which has been the refrain of so much Australian poetry. The moral of his anthology is summed up in a poem of Geoffrey Dutton's, describing his rejection of "Austroenglish" gentility: "here / It is we live, unless we pretend, or run away". British encroachments are resisted under the banner of Henry Lawson's seditious birthday ode to Victoria, the old, cold, callous, dull and selfish "woman whom the English call 'the Queen'".

Murray's most abiding grudge concerns the linguistic usurpation of the natives. One of his own poems, selected by Kramer and Mitchell, remembers the colonizing conquest:

The Governor proffers cloth and English words,
the tribesmen defy in good Dhurruwal.

Thereafter, as the noble savages are expelled, "the age of unnoticed languages begins". Murray makes reparation by honouring the chants of the aboriginals, and his anthology works out a agenda of historical vengeance. Its first poem is a reverie about the eternity known to the aboriginals as Dreamtime, recounted by Sam Woolagoodjah and solemnizing the native's incorporation in his natal earth. "They are with us in the land", the poem says of "the first ones ... those of long ago". That act of consecration, inheriting "all the land, all the land", is followed at once by Barron Field's quizzing of the paradoxical kangaroo. The black birds sagely allocate meanings to their terrain ("these rocks are Wandjinas"); the English newcomer is bemused by the fantastic unreality of a beast "beyond ev'n Nature's art". The last poem in the book completes the cycle by exterminating the white race of invaders: it is Richard Allen's "Epitaph for the Western Intelligentsia".

In practice, there are problems. More than a "class distinction" divides the cultivated literary art of the Europeans from the oral spells, tunes and geologies of the blacks; the latter remain mostly incomprehensible (since Murray on principle supplies no explanatory notes), and in translation, without the ceremonial support of music and dance, sound too often like the spurious archaizing of *Hiawatha*. As the critic Alec King puts it, in an essay included by Kramer and Mitchell, "the only really authentic Australian poetry" is "totally unintelligible to all but a handful of white Australians". But Murray's restitution of what he calls "the senior culture" does explain the anxiety of imagination recurrent in the other anthology. Like the first settlers, Australians still camp at the edge of the unknown, hoping for literature to abduce or befriended their world.

The heroine of Elizabeth Harrower's story, arriving on her holiday island, finds a library inexplicably left behind in the house. But what use is it? "Books seemed peculiarly irrelevant on this remote hillside ... the island had an ancient, prehistoric, undiscovered air. The alphabet had yet to be invented." Australia, however, has managed that feat, inventing the alphabet anew and manufacturing from it a literature which hopes to justify the ways of man to earth.

place in the story at the cost of the poetry: the lines talk about but fail to evoke an effect which is "heartbreakingly sweet". For all his trust in the repetition of key terms, Crichton Smith lacks Larkin's ability (compare "the unique random blend / Of families and fashions" in "Ambulances") to stir an abstract word like "random" to its depths; in *A Life* his desire to wed permanence and flux, in attend to "The constant lyric of the possible" is more plausibly conveyed through images: "and the world a skirt / turning n corner / altering plent by plent / its breezy sculpture".

That final phrase obeys W. C. Williams's prescription — "through metaphor to reconcile / the people and the stones" — in order to resolve the contradictions which nag at the poet's conscience, sometimes over-obsessively. "How reconcile / the market to the library, the till / to strict Lucretius?" Many poems pit oppositions against one another: religious repression and natural abundance, exile from and return to "the island, complex thing", hookishness and life, "garish ads" and "the spirit". "Tattooed arms" and "the Forms". This tactic can grow predictable, as in the class stereotyping of these lines from a poem about National

Elegy and affirmation

variety of morbidity and obsession (the "bright things for a late tea" in "Green" and the "bright things" that "come and go" in "Hour-glass" clearly remember the "brightest things that are theirs" at the end of "During Wind and Rain", and wind and rain are also the constant weathers of *Out Late*). The book derives its title from a moving translation of Martial mourning the slave-child Erotion:

Take your best care of her,
So small, and out so late.
Lost, severed of the night
And slaving Corbans
Gaping his monstrous jaws.

Being "out late" is, therefore, being dead; and the simple human tenderness of those lines may indicate how the best of this book is more relaxed, approachable and intimate than the poetry of Scupham's more hieratic poems. The pressure of mortality is felt in these poems as a Larkinesque "sharp tender shock". On the theme seems not obtrusive but intrinsic. The volume's many ghosts (the country people whose "signs" are discovered under the garden soil; a "geisha loc"; the dead of the Second World War; the inanimate objects which survive their loving owners; all the "returning dead" who can be sensed as a pressure within the living body) are encountered in poems which sustain feelings of personal loss, but also of restoration.

Bringing the dead back into language and form "out of cold air" (as "Cat's Cradle" puts it) is a consolatory act of retrieval: in Scupham, elegy is itself ghosted by affirmation. "Boy 1"

Meaning from the land

Simon Rae

KEVIN CROSSLEY-HOLLAND
Waterlain and Other Poems
64pp. Hutchinson. £4.95.
0091642914

Kevin Crossley-Holland's new book of poems is divided into two parts. The first consists of the cycle which gives its name to the collection as a whole, describing the life of a village on the north-Norfolk coast. The second, "Coming Home", is devoted to domestic concerns, childhood memories and historical re-creations.

Crossley-Holland's imagination has consistently shown itself to be rooted in the distant past and the Viking north, drawing on the grim fatalism of Old English poems such as "The Wanderer". Norfolk, too, has attracted his attention as a poet before. In 1970 he published a pamphlet, *Norfolk Poems* (with photographs by John Hedgecock), later incorporated into his first full collection, *The Rain-Giver* (1972). These poems were sparsely populated, and generally took the form of a reflective eye / "I" surveying a given landscape. The new poems in *Waterlain* are very different. Although description is given its place — the first poem,

Service: "The plunther's match was reading *Dracula*. / The public schoolboy casually turned a page / of *Murder in the Cathedral*". More successful are poems which allow for finer relationships than that of contrast, as in the second poem of the opening section, where Crichton Smith intervenes past and present, love and grief with lyrical tact: "All day she sleeps but often in the night / she calls on her dead mother, her live son. / Her pills and bottles slink in the harvest moon". The poem neither exploits nor glosses over a painfulness which its closing images transcend in lines that know they are wish-fulfilling: "And the daffodils / spring upward once again behind her heels. / The hills are cardboard blue, the skies are red".

Here, as in the subtle pair of poems at the start of the "Aherden University" section, Crichton Smith uses rhyme to point up richly complicated states of feeling — states in which the poetry is alive both to the beauty of what is "glittering and transient" and to moments when "Some wound within me bleeds and bleeds and bleeds". *A Life* is an ambitious, intermittently rewarding depiction of "the private and the general at play".

finds one of the book's most successful images for this when it releases, in a characteristically epiphanic conclusion, an instance of "what lasts for ever" ("not hands of angels, / Or the great God-face").

In this long pause between the tick and tock Of a simple clock whose hands refuse to move, His hands, too, are corners and old roses. Spreading their webs of blood against the sun.

There is, nevertheless, still persistent in *Out Late* a straining away from such particularities and intensities towards a grunder, more comprehensive rhetoric. The lengthy sequence at its centre, "A Midsummer Night's Dream", moves in and out of Shakespeare's play, in alternating lyric and discursive sections, to focus Scupham's own preoccupations. The performance is elaborate, ornate and mannered. It sophisticatedly acknowledges its own artifice and play with pastiche ("We die into and across your voices", one of the lyrics has it); and style could be regarded, I suppose, as the crucial point at which a poet encounters his ghosts. Although the lyrics have their traditional English graces, however, I am not at all sure what to make of the discursive sections, which adopt their archaic manners ("I walked in the astonishing light of trees, / A tenant only of their close estate") to no very obvious purpose. Waking out of this dream of style, Scupham offers more explicit pastiches in a humorous sequence towards the book's close, "The Poets Call on the Goddess Echo". They are all very good indeed, and two of them (the Stevens and the Cummings) hilarious.

"School" reaches back to a boyhood of head-mastery "backhanders", bullying, and (a clinching detail) humiliation on the cricket field — "the scoreboard showing the whole team / out for 13". "Orkney Girls" adds to Crossley-Holland's already impressive tally of historical resurrections, and other poems continue the poet's attempt to wrest a personal meaning from places visited or returned to, from the processes of the land, and from language itself.

Numbers 1, the first issue of a new poetry magazine, has just been published (Volume 1: Autumn 1986, 96pp). The editors, John Alexander, Alison Rimmer, Peter Robinson and Clive Wilmer, write: "Naturally, our tastes and interests diverge but ... what we do have in common, apart from our attachment to the art of verse-writing, is a conviction that the future of poetry will be served less by dogma or ideological ardour than by an openness to the range of what is being written today, provided it is written with skill and passion and intelligence." The first issue contains work by Thom Gunn, Elaine Feinstein, Seamus Heaney, Nicole Ward Jouve, Vittorio Sereni and others. *Numbers* costs £20 (or £30) for the first six issues, post free; or £3.95 per copy plus 60p postage and packing, from *Numbers*, 6 Kingston Street, Cambridge CB1 2NU.

COMMENTARY

The urge to illustrate

Kate Flint

Sing a Song for Sixpence: The English Picture Book Tradition and Randolph Caldecott
British Library until January 25, 1987

They fix for all time
The favourite heroes
Of nursery rhyme.

praised E. V. Lucas in *The Visit to London* (1902). The importance of Randolph Caldecott's short career was already widely recognized at the beginning of the century: his influence has been acknowledged by children's book illustrators ever since. The British Library's small exhibition commemorates the centenary of Caldecott's death, but does not seek to illuminate the artist's life or achievements in detail. Rather, it makes his work of the late 1870s and 1880s the fulcrum around which is ranged a history of English attempts to integrate words and pictures.

At its most simple, the "urge to illustrate", as the exhibition calls it, records an impression, a person: the familiar round figures of Mr Lear and his cat; Caldecott, portraying himself at the head of a letter to his fiancée, head in hands in front of an unfinished canvas, "the artist all forlorn". Two different routes into narrative representation are shown. On the one hand, there are the early turn-of-the-century, or "harlequinade", of the mid-eighteenth century, toys for adults, rather than children, in their picturing of scandalous lechery, and on the other, Hogarth's moral series, such as *Industry and Idleness*, whose crowded plates were specifically aimed at the young. Early stiff-figured alphabet books, didactic texts like *Peter Prim's Pride* and Blake's *Songs of Innocence* are also included, showing rather the variety in invention at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries than the existence of any one tradition. The early Victorian picture books displayed are less static than their predecessors. There is a growth of caricature, particularly in the hands of Cruikshank, end of picture-strips: the *Pictorial Humpty Dumpty*, for example, and Richard Doyle's *Overland Journey to the Great Exhibition*. Moralizing is certainly still present: *Struwwelpeter* first appeared in English translation in 1848, but its illustrations, too, show something of the expressive energy which is the strongest characteristic of Caldecott's work.

The history and material will be familiar to many, but they are clearly, if concisely, presented. The section directly bearing on Caldecott is of far fresher interest. He was recruited by Edmund Evans, the best known mid-Victorian entrepreneur in large-scale colour-printed children's books in 1877. The stiff drawings of earlier Evans illustrators, as seen in Charles H. Bennett's *The Faithless Parrot* (1858), give way

to the vigorous flow of Caldecott's lines, his designs not just filling the space available but pushing outwards towards a page's edges. Metallic tints are replaced by warm browns and greys, with pallid greens and turquoise suggesting, for Caldecott, the feminine qualities which he presents with far less certainty than rumbustious hunts and chases. The processes of achieving the colour prints are well documented in the exhibition. Caldecott's original watercolours were turned into wood-engravings, subsequently coloured by the artist as a guide for the making of blocks and the mixing of inks. The stages of block printing, together with the artist's own marginal notes of advice, indicate the interest he took in the operation.

Caldecott's reputation rests on a group of sixteen books. Neither attempting original subjects, like Kate Greenaway, nor tackling a varied range of texts, like Walter Crane, he largely employed texts from traditional rhymes and songs, to which he added Cwypers' "John Gilpin", Foote's "Penjandrum", two poems by Goldsmith and Edwin Whittier's "Three Jovial Huntsmen". The toy books repeatedly glance back with nostalgia to a pastoral image of the eighteenth century: a world of quiet fields, hunting hounds and boots, men in wigs and snuffing girls in flounced dresses. Hints of modernity occur only in his disdain for the bounding margin, and in the Japanese delicacy of the blossomed apple bough on which the blackbirds perch in "Sing a Song for Sixpence". At his most sentimental, he is embarrassing, as in the plate which shows a chubby Baby Bunting listening to a large-eyed, Louis Vain-style cat playing the fiddle. Happily, these are not the aspects of Caldecott's work which have proved a lasting influence on the many subsequent illustrators who have acknowledged his importance to their work. Beatrix Potter claimed to have a "jealous appreciation" of him; Ardizzone spoke of his "robust splendours" alongside Rowlandson, Cruikshank and Leech; Maurice Sendak commended the "rhythmic progression through the pages, a sense of music and dance". All learnt from the freshness with which he tackled each particular combination of word and text, from the energy and economy of his draughtsmanship: the three later artists appear in the exhibition side by side with so many other representatives of excellence in twentieth-century children's book illustration that the precise legacy of Caldecott, however, becomes diffused. Although Caldecott has already been celebrated in an exhibition devoted entirely to his work, at Manchester Art Gallery in 1977-78, the danger of setting such a relatively small amount of his graphic art in the midst of so many other examples of the English picture book tradition, albeit examples which lead toward and away from his own production, is that his originality and impact may be swamped.

Gilbertians in conference

Arthur Jacobs

Images of torture, execution and grotesque bodily deformities went on the screen when that master of mirth, W. S. Gilbert (born November 18, 1836) was subjected to a Sesqui-centennial Symposium at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology on November 20 and 21. Gilbert's own illustrations to his *Bab Ballads* provided evidence for the thesis of the American psychiatrist, Dr Leon Berman, that the operettas with Sullivan were rich in evoking the known fantasies of childhood, including severance of the body and the deprivation and substitution of parents. Among other speakers on literary, biographical and musical topics was Shoshena Knapp of Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University, whose paper ("Play it again, Gilbert") saw Gilbert's notorious borrowings, self-borrowings and repetitions as a creative strength not unlike Hitchcock's in the cinema.

The organizer of the symposium, C. V. Berney of MIT, spoke only partly in fun when presenting "Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd as Byronic hero" and showing in mock-academic triumph that the first night of *Ruddigore* (Janu-

ary 22, 1887) took place exactly on the 99th anniversary of Byron's birth: here was, in fact, a valuable insight into the derivation of such a burlesque character. Berney revealed himself also as the talented stage director of a production of Gilbert's *A Sensation Novel*, in three short acts (or rather "in three volumes") in which a trashy novelist's characters come to life and compel him to change his plot. Gilbert's early burlesque of the opera *Norma*, under the title of *The Pretty Druidess*, was also revived for the occasion.

Fredric Woodbridge Wilson, of the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York, announced the launch of the first complete critical edition of Gilbert's works, including all the journalism. His hearers could only wish the project more speed than the complete and scholarly musical edition of the G-and-S operettas, announced by a New York publisher more than a decade ago and represented to date by not a single volume.

A small exhibition of autograph manuscripts, letters, books and photographs from the Gilbert and Sullivan Collection will be on show at the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York, until January 18.

Sunset over Hampstead

David Nokes

VITA SACKVILLE-WEST
All Passion Spent
BBC2

All Passion Spent takes us back to a time when Hampstead - pronounced Hemsted - was an unspoilt, unfashionable village; to a time when builders were craftsmen who wore bowlers and meditated on beauty; a time when estate agents were gentlemen who preferred wild flowers to profits, and when one could happily munch sandwiches in the galleries of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Written in 1930, Vita Sackville-West's novel reads like a weak solution of *Howards End* and *A Room of One's Own*. It champions Art against Mammon and female creativity against the demands of bourgeois marriage. Yet what is most remarkable is the passionlessness of the revolt which it celebrates. The resolution of past errors in the tranquillity of a Hampstead cottage garden domesticates the charms of a bohemian life into a safe and tidy idyll of retirement.

Thematically we are offered a reversal of the generation-gap motif. Lady Slane, the octogenarian widow of a former prime minister and vicar of India, shocks her more conventional offspring by dropping out of society to go slumming in NW3. Poised and regal, Wendy Hiller plays the part of Lady Slane as a dignified paradox; at once the embodiment of imperial confidence, her ram-rod back shelters the fluttering spirit of a desert butterfly. Travelling alone on the London Underground, veiled and erect, she exudes the air of a Victorian explorer, and she deflects the accusation of feminism with a magisterial reproof: "I have never indulged in the luxury of an imagined martyrdom."

Usually in period pieces of this kind, authenticity is largely a matter of accessories: the gleaming Daimlers fresh from the motor museum, and the actresses costumed like fashion plates from *Vogue*. Here, while there is no shortage of expensive props, Peter Buckman has put his main period detail into the dialogue. The characters all speak prose to one

another. The formality of their lives is dissolved by a clarity of diction and a deliberateness of intonation that turns each sub-clause and semi-colon into a posture of deference. In television terms, however, there is a price to pay for such stoneliness of utterance. Several of the cast, including Maurice Denham and John Franklyn-Robbins are well known as radio actors, and their finely modulated voices can turn the simplest of sentences into an arpeggio of agreeable sounds. Here, however, their virtuosity impedes the pace of the series, turning each scene into a formal set-piece.

Indeed, what the series particularly transmits is an illusion of stasis, an aesthetic paralysis. In a key scene Fitzgeorge, the sedate, romantic bechelor played by Harry Andrews, picks up a conversation with Lady Slane begun half a century earlier in India. The house in Hampstead to which Lady Slane makes her retreat had been glimpsed by her only once before, thirty years earlier, but it was enough for her to fall in love with the place as her destiny. Sackville-West seems to be suggesting the timelessness of love and art and sympathy; but what emerges is a nostalgic myth of security, based on the deference of tradesmen and the domestication of art into a cottage craft.

When speaking of the past, characters present fantasy versions of themselves as available activists. Bucktrout, the sensitive estate agent (Maurice Denham), boasts of his former fierceness in property deals; Fitzgeorge claims to have been a hard man of business; Lady Slane, we are to believe, yearned for the uneasy life of an artist. "You sinned against the light", Fitzgeorge tells her, though the accusation, lightly made and accepted, carries little force. For in this production we see Wendy Hiller bathed in light, both the translucency of her own spirit and the warm sun glow over Hampstead Heath. There is only one complete disaster in the characterization. The French maid Genoux, closely modelled on, and named after Sackville-West's own maid, and played with brave desperation by Eileen Way, speaks a brand of Edwardian français that irresistibly recalls *Allo Allo*. Her dialogue is a cruel reminder that in matters of art imitation is no substitute for imagination.

A bit of everything

Rosemary Ashton

ADRIAN MITCHELL
The Pied Piper
Oliver Theatre

Part pantomime, part magic show, part song-and-dance, part social message - the National Theatre's production of Adrian Mitchell's *Pied Piper* is a miscellaneous affair. As such, it pleased the schoolchildren in the audience at the Press preview most of the time, though several young scholars of Browning's poem were heard to complain of the piper's too diverse appearance. For he appears not in pied, but in multicoloured garb, and is, despite a slight Irish accent adopted perhaps to suggest a twinkling eye and a relationship to fairyland, not quite as charming as he ought to be. Still, he sings and dances and pipes end jokes in a thoroughly enjoyable fashion.

The whole show is jolly, noisy, and visually cluttered in an interesting way. Hamelin is depicted as one huge stage contraption hung with gawgaws and peopled with shopkeepers out of storybook and pantomime: the learned seller of poisons, the ample, floury miller, the sweet-shop woman, and the toy-seller. These are the good townspeople of Hamelin, who deliver an ultimatum, with placards and chanting, to the obese capitalist Mayor. (The production dispenses with the Corporation.) As is the way of small business men, however, they support the Mayor's refusal to pay up as soon as he points out that it would be their money he would be spending if he kept his lavish premises.

The social message, suitably matched to music by Dominic Muldowney with a distant echo of Kurt Weill, is reinforced, lightly enough, by the piper's song about the country inside the mountain to which he intends to lead the children. It is a utopia where there is no

money, no crime, but freedom, peace and love, and where, by the sound of it, all the music is inspired by Andrew Lloyd Webber. This goes down well with a young audience, as does the mysterious and truly charming scene in which the mountain opens up under a stony sky to receive the children into paradise. Perhaps thinking Browning's lame boy too pathetic a figure for such a robust production, Alan Cohen substitutes for him a modern Cinderella, Toffee Jenkins, "a young girl with a bad leg". She is excluded from the mountain, but sings, with the audience, a request - duly granted - to be vouchsafed a view of the beppy children inside.

This last scene constitutes the "magical" part of the play, though early in the first act a jovial Australian wandering magician engages the audience in a well-executed version of the now-you-see-it, now-you-don't routine with a box, top hat and giant dice. This is good pantomime fun, and the magician is later allowed to join the piper and the children on the grounds that he did not choose to grow up, but could not help it. The journey itself is spun out to fill the second act, with more extraneous elements brought in, like a swamp with a monster and a freezing forest with an Ice Knight. Shades of *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Alice*, and *The Wizard of Oz* here, but rather too obviously used to fill in the time. The production aims at giving a bit of everything to keep children entertained, and succeeds quite well. I can't help thinking it a pity, though, that so little of Browning's poem, with its outrageous, teasing, memorable if often incomprehensible rhymes, survives.

In *Browning's Dramatic Monologues and the Post-Romantic Subject* (292pp, Johns Hopkins University Press, £22.00 8018 2653 5), Loy D. Martin examines the form of the dramatic monologue and shows how it provided readers with a new formal literary alternative.

K. L. Walker

THE FORD MADOX FORD READER
Sage, Manchester: Cercanet, £18.95.

FORD MADOX FORD's position in English writing is a curious one. On the one hand, *Parade* is a sequence of novels centred on the figure of Christopher Tietjens, is hailed by many as perhaps the greatest work of fiction to have emerged from the First World War; on the other, his busy and commanding career over a period of forty years as literary journalist, editor and writer in all genres seems to minimize many of the qualities in Edwardian literary life least trusted nowadays - a preference for genial subjectivity to close analysis, for the tangential to the direct, for stylishness for plainness. Ford was, too, enormously productive - another cause for reserve - publishing some eighty books in a life that ended, at the age of sixty-five, in 1939. Most of these have long been out of print, so that the selection from them that Sonda J. Stang has assembled in *The Ford Madox Ford Reader* - memoirs, criticism, essays, fiction, poetry, letters - provides a welcome opportunity to sample the quality of Ford's output.

Ford himself was, of course, aware of the objections raised to his methods. In late middle age he excused himself from the implied criticism that he wrote too much by saying simply that he was "an old man mad about writing". For being a liar when it came to transcribing the memories of people or events, he had a profound contempt for facts. Facts did not convey the spirit of things. The accuracy of his impressions was, however, absolute. This, of course, is all one with the man-of-letters position from which, during the war, he attacked the death-dealing aspects of Prussian scholarship, complaining of "the impossibility of producing an unconstrained and pleasing conversation about the feast of Trimalchio about being brought up short by someone who will have read Professor Friedlander's *Die Trimalchionis mit Uebersetzung und Anmerkungen*". Pleading, enough, though there are times when one feels that Ford's own

prose is beautifully tailored prose - prose which, as Ezra Pound wrote in his obituary of Ford, "lay so natural on the page that one did not notice it" - could have done with some less than perfect fluency. Ford's delicate tortuousness is much in evidence in his criticism, of which *The Ford Madox Ford Reader* offers a generous selection. Professor Stang includes extracts from *The Critical Attitude* (1911), *Six Literary Portraits* (1913-15), *Henry James: A critical study* (1914), *Joseph Conrad: A personal remembrance* (1924), *Portraits from Life* (1937) and *The March of Literature* (1938) - this last written when Ford was on the staff of Olivet College, Michigan - as well as prefaces and the foreword to the first issue of the *Transatlantic Review*. Also included are essays (here called "critical criticism") or "sociological impressions" on such topics as the English character, London, fanaticism, average people, Provence. Ford would doubtless detect the shade of Professor Friedlander in such listing, but all credit is due to the editor for her thoroughness. The modern reader must be prepared to meet Ford's style half-way and to accept his subtleties of tone and architecture. He must, too, mask his impatience at the absence of blood, for Ford is out to expound, not to wound. He complains, it is true, of Arnold's "pot-boilers" - "One is so tired of these self-made men posing before the head-walters of Chicago" - but only as a postscript to a glowing note (in 1913) *Anna of the Five Towns* and *The Old Wives' Tale* from the ruck. He writes H. G. Wells's early scientific romances to the widely praised social comedies, finding in them a poetry missing in such novels as *Anna and Mr. Lewisham* - a verdict which, in the modern opinion by half a century, is empty. Ford's *curiosities*, product of a Victorian literary tradition and a cultivated background (that he was able to write in 1939, in perhaps his last public utterance, to write a letter to the *Sunday Review* in defence of the recently published *Anna and Mr. Lewisham* is a testament to his

Mad about writing

mindfulness of that tradition) does not, however, quite disguise the sometimes fast-moving currents of irony beneath the surface. Hed Henry James been an English writer, Ford notes, "he would have been at it twenty years before he knew an English countess; he would have died without having exchanged ten words with the wife of a duke". Lurking in the currents there is perhaps the shadow of quite a large and dangerous fish.

Ford seems to have had the most finely tuned of ears for the literary false note. It can be seen in a two-page analysis of how the opening sentence of Flaubert's "Un Coeur Simple" might be translated (he eventually arrives at "for more than thirty-seven years" as a rendering of "pendant un demi-siècle"). A similarly professional commentary on the first paragraph of Chrysanthemum's casts light on the reasons for Ford's success as editor of the *English Review*. Indeed, his accounts of the new writers he helped bring forward during this period (1908-09) are among the most entertaining things in the present selection. He relates how Lawrence, after his story was accepted, appeared unannounced at Ford's house in Holland Park: "Suddenly, leaning against the wall beside the doorway, there was, bewilderingly... a fox. A fox going to make a raid on the hen-roost before him." Another unheralded visitor was the young Wyndham Lewis, whom "with his unerring eye the editor at once took to be a Russian moujik". "You cannot", ruefully notes Ford, the midwife to Modernism, "afford to despise a movement conducted by young men who are loud-voiced, tapageux, vigorous and determined to arrive... because those young men will always survive you. They will be the judges when you are dead."

Avuncularity and good humour come through strongly in these accounts of Ford's dealings with the young writers, although not without the faintest droop of an eyelid at his readers, a clubman's hint that this is the sort of thing we editors have to put up with. With Hemingway as his assistant on the *Transatlantic Review* in Paris fifteen years later there was much to put up with:

When I went to New York, I confided that review to him. I gave him strict instructions as to whom not to print and above all whom not to cut. The last mortal enemy he made for me died yesterday. Hemingway had cut his article and all those of my most cherished and awful contributors down to a line or two at each. In return he had printed all his wildest friends in extenso....

As the casualties in this notorious *Putsch* of Hemingway's included Ford himself, his revenge, reprinted here from the introduction he contributed eight years later to *A Farewell to Arms*, seems mild indeed. There is the same sly humour to be found in his childhood recollections of his grandfather Ford Madox Brown's house to Fitzroy Square, and of Oscar Wilde, a regular visitor, chatting quietly to the painter about the price of Consols as the two men sat on either side of the fire stretching out their hands to the flames. Perhaps, though, it is the accuracy of the impression that counts here.

On Ford himself as a novelist, the *Reader* throws interesting light, particularly on that obsession with technique which, as V. S. Pritchett has suggested, was the one reality to a mind as given to confusion and posturing as Ford's. A long section from the Conrad memoir lists the methods discussed by the two writers during the period of their collaboration, among them devices for which Ford became known in his own fiction - impressionism, the time-shift, the *progression d'effet* (a kind of narrative *accelerando*). Conrad is shown filling in the ellipses in Ford's dialogue, during which, it seems, the real action took place ("Baron Haldersdrot has..."), "committed suicide", adds Conrad bluntly, thereby undermining Ford's impressionism by which he sought to convey the unstructured nature of everyday life.

Ford, of course, saw himself primarily as a novelist and might not have been too dissatisfied to be remembered as the author of the Tietjens sequence (trilogy or tetralogy, according to taste) and of *The Good Soldier*, that bleak account of marital hypocrisy, "the finest novel in the English language". In French novel in the English language, which for once his narrative theories pay off handsomely, Ford wanted to write *The Good Soldier* as a novel in a novelistic style.

dest Story" but was overborne by his publisher, who thought the title too depressive for a wartime readership. Neither work, probably rightly (given their current availability), is represented in the present selection. Instead, we are offered short extracts, no more than a dozen or so pages each, from seven of the thirty-one novels Ford published during his lifetime, between 1892 and 1936. That from *The Fifth Queen* (1906), the first volume of a historical trilogy centred on the relationship of Catherine Howard and Henry VIII, hints at a gift for evoking the dark chill of Tudor court treacheries; while the few pages from *The Rash Act* (1933) arouse curiosity about how far Ford's techniques had carried him by this stage of his career. Another type of curiosity, about the nature of Ford's collaboration with Conrad, is partially satisfied by the reprinting of the section which Ford contributed to *Nostradamus*, in which Conrad's stern narrative line seems to have exercised a sobering effect on Ford's normal expansiveness. But there can be no judging of Ford's large output on such thin examples.

The war, though, is another matter. The snippets offered from *No Enemy*, Ford's complex, lightly fictionalized memoir of these years, whet the appetite for the complete work. Suggestive, too, is a note that Ford wrote while serving in the Ypres Salient in 1916. In it he muses on the fact that, hidden in the trenches below his vantage-point, there were probably a million men "impelled by an invisible moral force into a Hell of fear"; but of this he can, as a writer, make nothing. The scorned and dodged facts have, it seems, at last come out like a drawn sword and struck him dead.

In plain brown wrapper

Keith Walker

OSCAR WILDE and others
Teleny
Edited by John McRae
198pp, GMP, £12.95 (paperback, £4.95).
0854490469

Teleny is an erotic gay novel of the second half of the nineteenth century which has achieved a certain notoriety because of its possible connection with Oscar Wilde. The evidence for any such connection is extremely thin. *Teleny* has been published openly before in this country, in a heavily castrated edition by H. Montgomery Hyde in 1966. The present edition is the first complete English edition.

The story is simple and silly. The "hero" Camille Des Grieux (the allusion to *Manon Lescaut* is made explicit towards the end but the point of it remains obscure), tells the story of his affair with René Teleny, a pianist specializing in Liszt (apparently) but who also plays gavottes "that seem to smell of lavender, ambré, and in some way or other put you in mind of Lull and Watteau". The glances of Des Grieux and Teleny cross at a concert, and both feel a stirring in the loins. Des Grieux goes home to mother. That night he dreams he is rogering his sister. This is part of a train of "naughty" references to incest throughout. Although attracted to Teleny, Des Grieux stays away. Teleny's piano playing suffers something terrible. Des Grieux experiments with servant girls, but can't get Teleny out of his mind. Meanwhile Teleny's playing gets worse. Then one night Des Grieux is cruising the bank of the Seine and meets Teleny, who asks him back to his place for coffee. Much writhing, patting of buttocks and (linging of thighs later, they sit down to a hearty meal.

The novel is now half-way through with no where to go. We may presume Teleny's piano playing to have vastly improved. Anyway, he also experiments with a woman, a countess this time. Or perhaps not. The details contrive to be both extremely precise and vague at once.

Eventually Teleny goes off his lover and goes away. We are not told what effect this break has on his playing, but must assume that it gets much worse because he kills himself, or in the words of the novel "plunges a dagger into his breast". Des Grieux arrives: "I threw myself upon him." Under such attentions, Teleny expires.

The editor, John McRae, thinks that allusions to, for example, *La Fille de Madame*

speechless. "As for explanations I hadn't any...." Eight years on, when the explanations were in place, *Parade's End*, the war seen as Armageddon for a Christian culture, could begin. Ford might have trusted his eye, rather than (almost of necessity) carried to France in his kit the full additional burden of the Edwardian intellectual. A solitary, dreadfully vivid phrase stands out: "men, burst into mere showers of blood"; proof that he might have freed himself of his duty to philosophize, from that ruminative diffuseness for which he has so often been attacked.

Edwardian writers, rightly or wrongly, may appear to us nowadays to be somewhat over-protected species; the haze of cigar smoke and the popping of waistcoat buttons in the Café Royal must somehow have found their way on to the page, to its detriment. As a pivot of this comfortable literary world, Ford, fat and comfortable-looking himself, wrapped in his clever, comfortable prose, may continue to arouse suspicion among spiritual descendants of those dark and hungry young men - the Pounds, the Lewises, the Lawrences - whose careers, in fact, he did so much to foster. The further paradox that, in the 1920s, he should have produced an Edwardian masterpiece from the wartime generation's own cherished trauma may add to our ambivalence about him. He was too old, or too complacent, or simply too mature suddenly to turn fierce or angry about seeing his world blown up. It was writing that he was mad about, channelling his anger, in *The Good Soldier* and his portrait of Christopher and Sylvia Tietjens's marriage, against the carnage inflicted by that continuing war to which there is no Armistice.

In plain brown wrapper

Angol (produced in 1872) and Jules Léotard, who died in 1870, "seem to confirm that the action... takes place in the early/mid-1870s". Such a suggestion attributes to the novel a specificity and subtlety it doesn't otherwise possess. *Teleny's* internal incoherence has suggested to some that there might have been several authors, but such a theory seems necessary only if you want to hold out the possibility of Wilde's involvement. The ignorant remarks about music cannot have come from Wilde, who was moderately knowledgeable on the subject.

There are two versions of the novel. The first (of which the present volume is a corrected reprint) was published in 1893. It has no author's name or publisher's imprint. Without offering any evidence, McRae says the publisher was Leonard Smithers, who afterwards published *The Bolland of Reading Gaoi*.

A second version, also anonymous and without publisher, appeared in Paris in 1934. It is in French, with an elaborate introduction by Charles Hirsch, a Persian bookseller, which tells the improbable story that Wilde brought the manuscript, well wrapped in a plain wrapper, into Hirsch's London shop one day to leave for a friend. Who took it away and brought it back to leave for another friend. This taking away and bringing back went on for some time and eventually loosened the brown paper, making it inevitable that Hirsch would have a peek. Years later this manuscript was to form the basis for the French "translation".

But is the French version a translation of the English? Comparison of the two versions suggests that the English may be a translation of a French original of which the published French edition (1934) is plain, the English edition (1893) is often fantastical: "Le baiser de Teleny me gélifiait, mon palais en goûtait la saveur" (1934); "Teleny's kiss was really galvanic for I could taste its sapidity upon my palate" (1893).

At least someone has gone out of his way for whatever reason to make it appear that 1893 is a translation from the French. Frenchisms abound: "Brunette Latun", "Lullit", "a strong erection thereupon took place", or, most absurd, "they enjoy, they enjoy!"

The editor finds traces of Wilde's wit. If he really wrote "It is not the pains of hell we dread, but rather the low society we might meet there" it's little wonder he chose not to put his name to *Teleny*. But as I've suggested the real reason may be that he had nothing to do with it in the first place.

John McRae

Paid-up participants

Paul Cartledge

DAVID WHITEHEAD
The Demos of Attica 508/7-ca. 250 B.C.: A political and social study
485pp. Guildford: Princeton University Press.
£44.50.

0691094128
MOGENS HERMAN HANSEN
Demography and Democracy: The number of Athenian citizens in the fourth century B.C.
116pp. Systime A/S, Klokkebakken 20,
Gjellerup, 7400 Herning, Dkr 140.
877351427

At the root of one of our most cherished (verhilly, anyway) institutions lies a formal, etymological ambiguity. The ancient Greek word *demokratia*, coined somewhere in the first half of the fifth century ac, was a compound of *kratos* (sovereign authority or power) and *demos*. But the latter, as David Whitehead economically demonstrates in *The Demos of Attica*, was a multi-purpose term. Originally signifying a rural community on its own land, it also came to mean politically either the people as a whole, that is, the community of citizens, or the mass of the poor citizenry, applying in both cases to adult males only. Thus to an ideological democrat *demokratia* was Government of the People by the People for the People; in unidealized it stood for ninth-mile, the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Even in radical democratic Athens, though, *demos* far from completely shed its original meaning. For the *polis*, or state, of Athens was essentially an amalgam of 139 *demoi*, conventionally translated as wards, that is, wards, parishes, townships or communes. These form the subject of Dr Whitehead's book, which effortfully supersedes B. Haussoullier's outdated and chronologically more restricted pioneer effort of 1884. By contrast, the distinguished Danish scholar Mogens Herman Hansen is concerned in his slender but rich volume, *Demography and Democracy*, with the Athenian *demos* in the broader of its two political senses, the citizen estate. Not the least fascination of these important books is their radically different approaches to and representations of precisely the same people, the adult male citizens of Athens in the fourth century ac.

Given the bias of the contemporary narrative sources and the until recently dominant paradigm of historiography, it is not surprisingly the central, "national" arenas of Athenian democratic politics – the Assembly, the Council, the lawcourts, and so forth – that have preoccupied scholars from the age of the *styx* to that of the word-processor. Yet to be an Athenian citizen meant being duly registered on the official roll of one's paternal *demo* – as if to be a citizen of the UK was to be inscribed on the voting register of, say, Chipping Sodbury. To participate in affairs of state, in other words, one had first to be a paid-up member of a *demo*. Moreover, besides performing this indispensable enabling function *vis-à-vis* the political centre, the *demoi* were also arenas of local politics and foci of social, especially religious, interaction in their own right. It is on this latter, local aspect of the *demoi* that Whitehead, like Robin Osborne (whose *Demos: The Discovery of Classical Attica* was reviewed in the TLS, June 7, 1985) only more so, concentrates the balance of his attention.

For most of the *demoi* we know little or nothing more than the name, though in the case of *Kopros* ("Shit") and one or two others that is intriguing enough. The location of some is still not securely established. What evidence we do have is "lamentably lacunose" and unevenly distributed in both time and space. Nevertheless, Osborne's *Demos* and Whitehead's *Demos*, different as they are in scope and method, between them demonstrate the interpretive potential of a local approach to Athenian history. Whitehead may be faulted for underemphasizing the agricultural basis of all *demo* activity, for explicitly but unreasonably eschewing comparative study and for tending to sacrifice the elegance and incisiveness of a problem-oriented monograph to the homogenizing all-inclusiveness of a manual. Yet his judgment in matters of detail (for instance, the unique status of *Peiraeus*,

"literally a law unto itself"), his alertness to the problem of generalization, and above all his familiarity with and handling of the written (especially epigraphical) sources are unquestionably superior.

On the other hand, where their conclusions agree, we may be more confidently accept them as soundly based working hypotheses. This is perhaps most importantly the case with the perceived disjunction between local and national political careers, which if it was a fact would tend to confirm the strong impression conveyed by Thucydides and other literary sources, dramatists as well as orators, that the *demo* was tantamount to a *polis* in microcosm. Normally, that is to say, the *demo* was the principal and primary source of instinctive social attachment and conscious communal pride for most *demotemen* in all periods, not least the fourth century.

The *demo* was thus, Whitehead correctly observes, in a strong sense the sun of its human parts. Yet demography is conspicuous only by its near-total absence from his long and meticulous study. This is no doubt chiefly because we lack and always will lack the direct evidence necessary for properly statistical analysis of ancient Greek life-expectancy, fertility, death rates and so on. But it is also partly a consequence of Whitehead's refusal to contemplate comparative method. Dr

Hansen is theoretically more mettlesome and stimulating.

Over the past dozen years, from his base in the University of Copenhagen's Institute of Classical Philology, he has launched a battery of articles and short monographs in Danish and English that severally and collectively have destroyed traditional perceptions of how the central institutions of Athenian democracy functioned, with special reference to the fourth century. Not all of his sometimes strikingly novel suggestions are equally convincing, but all are founded upon scrupulous attention to the primary sources and, where appropriate, upon comparative evidence – for example, participant observation of cantonal assemblies (*Landsgemeinde*) in German-speaking Switzerland. Equally in tune with contemporary historiographical trends is his persistent concern with quantification, which here receives its logical expression in a characteristically clear and nuanced attempt to determine the size of the Athenian citizen body in the second half of the fourth century.

The literary sources, as he had already noted in a certain-raising article published last year, are divided: 21,000 or 31,000. Most scholars incline to the former figure (most recently, and for Hansen irritatingly, E. Rieuhaushusch). But rather than rehash the defective ancient sources Hansen claims that the soundest basis

for investigating any ancient Greek population lies in the startling results produced by historical demographers of early modern (c. 1500-1750) Europe in the last twenty or so years. Hence the embolizing on his front cover of the "Age Pyramid for Model West Mortality Level 4, Growth Rate 5.00%" taken from Coale and Demeny's Princeton life-tables.

The claim is not in principle absurd. But model life-tables, like all models, are simply extrapolations, approximations to reality not to be confused with reality itself, even when as here they are soundly based and intelligently extrapolated. The real problem, though, is Hansen's highly questionable belief that all the various determinants of a demographic structure, most of which he does not explicitly discuss, were operating to similar effect in fourth-century ac Athens and early modern Europe (itself an abstraction concealing substantial regional and temporal variations). But even if that hardly carries conviction, it is easier to share his assumptions of a very low life-expectancy at birth and slow rate of natural increase together with their implications for the average completed family size and overall age structure of this artificially self-selected population. For all its defects this is the most sophisticated demographic analysis of Classical Athens yet published.

Moreover, Hansen does not argue his major thesis exclusively on grounds of comparative demography. Army figures, ephebic inscriptions and bouleutic quotas (the number of Councillors each *demo* had to provide annually for the Council of 500) are among the other types of evidence brought to bear. These non-demographic arguments are of varying weight and cogency: I remain unconvinced, for instance, that Demetrius of Phaleron conducted a military review rather than an admittedly unique census of the resident citizens and aliens or that all citizens rather than just would-be hoplites underwent ephebic training. But on the wigwag principle the structure of argument as a whole seemed to me to stand up.

The upshot would then be that the astonishingly high degree of citizen participation in the day-to-day running of the Athenian democracy established by Hansen's earlier researches was achieved by a resident citizen (adult male) population that in the fourth century never fell below 25,000 and was more often close to or rather above 30,000. The sobering thought outrides that this is less than a third of a Wembley cup final crowd. But for Aristotle it was three times his prescribed limit for effective *polis* citizenship. Relativity, as Einstein might have said, is all.



"Ariadne sleeping": a second-century AD Roman statue, copy of a Hellenistic Pergamene original of about 200 ac. It is reproduced here from P. P. Bober and R. O. Rubenstein's Renaissance Artists and Antique Sculpture (522pp. Harvey Miller and Oxford University Press. £45. 0 199210292).

Gender off the agenda

Helen King

MARY R. LEFKOWITZ
Women in Greek Myth
158pp. Duckworth. £12.95.
0715620967

Women in Greek Myth – some new essays, others revised versions of material first published elsewhere – presents a consciously unfashionable approach. Mary Lefkowitz answers her main question, "Did Greek men repress Greek women through their mythology?" with a resounding "No". On the contrary, she argues, Greek men had a relatively balanced view of women's abilities and what prevents us from recognizing this is, above all, the imposition of "modern methodology": psychology, feminism and structuralism are singled out for direct attack. What these approaches have in common, apart from their concern with levels of meaning beneath the surface of a myth, is an interest in gender and sexuality, whether this is couched in terms of penis: envy, sexual politics, or male/female oppositions. Lefkowitz recommends a return from deep structures to "the original meaning" of myth, and suggests that here one finds little interest in such questions. Thus she proposes that the Greeks found it less important that evils were brought into the world by an attractive woman – Pandora – than that she had

what Hesiod calls "the mind of a bitch". Clytemnestra's gender, too, is of relatively little interest; what matters more is that, in killing Agamemnon, she kills a member of her family group, and that she does it by the use of guile. One may agree with Lefkowitz that it is misleading reductionism to suggest that all Greek myths concern gender, and nothing more; but it is not equally dangerous to suggest that the Greeks were not particularly interested in male/female difference? Pandora has "the mind of a bitch"; that is, she is shameless. But when Homer's Agamemnon can say of Clytemnestra, "Nothing is more like a bitch than a woman who plans such deeds", can the gender of either bitch-woman be incidental?

Lefkowitz has set out to produce a book which is accessible to the general reader; chapters arranged by theme ("Wives", "Martyrs") and minimal notes make it easy to read, although there is some inevitable repetition. In order to keep the length manageable, she is obliged to simplify the views of the opposition, and this is a pity since the general reader may go away believing that no useful insights can be gained from "modern methodology". For example, Foucault's complex analysis of classical Greek sexuality is reduced to "we are told by Foucault and others that Greek men weren't interested in sex". Like Lefkowitz, however, Foucault wanted to avoid the trap of reading ancient literature in terms of contemporary values and he suggested that the Greeks failed to catalogue "the works of Aphrodite" not out

of modesty, nor lack of interest, but out of an interest in questions different from our own. For "What sexual acts are permitted?" the Greeks substituted "How much, and in what circumstances?" Foucault has shown that "sex" is not a historical given, in which different cultures are more or less interested, but rather constitutes an entirely different set of ethical questions. According to his analysis, what interested Greek men was the notion that male mastery of self was an essential qualification for ruling others, whether at the level of the household or the state.

If Lefkowitz really wants to abandon "modern methodology" – and it is significant that she sometimes cites writers such as Marcel Detienne and Simon Goldhill with apparent approval – then something is needed to put in its place. Her suggestions are often rational and practical, but point to an implicit methodology which may itself be questioned. Why did the Greeks use virgin priestesses in many cults? Lefkowitz turns to the second-century AD medical writer Soranus, who recommends perpetual virginity for female health. But is this valid for classical or Hellenistic Greece, in which medical writers were on the contrary recommending marriage and childbirth to cure female disease? Chronological problems aside, this book raises a central question: is the quest for the Holy Grail of "the original meaning", free from "the standards and preoccupations of the twentieth century", laudable, impossible, or somewhere between the two?

Patrician profiles

David Cannadine

THE ARISTOCRACY IN ENGLAND 1660-1914
Oxford: Blackwell. £22.50.

A longstanding love affair between the English people and the English peerage – which has ebbed and flowed in popularity in recent years – has been based on ignorance rather than knowledge, on fantasy more than fact. Yet in the past quarter of a century, the English aristocracy has also been the object of unprecedented scholarly attention. Some of this work, by historians like Lawrence Jones, F. M. L. Thompson, John Cannon and D. Robins, has addressed broad issues and major topics, and has been widely read and extensively debated. But much of it has been confined to studies of individual families and particular counties, and has lain inaccessible in unread dissertations and arcane periodicals. The great merit of David Cannadine's new book thus lies in the timely nature of its ambition: "to bring together the

various strands of thinking about the aristocracy which have emerged over the past twenty years".

The Aristocracy in England 1660-1914 is divided into three parts. The first explores the nobles in terms of definition, numbers, territory and recruitment. We are given a broad statistical profile of the patricians, from the Restoration to the First World War, and the differences and similarities between the peerage, the baronetage, the knightage and the landed gentry are admirably spelt out. The distribution and fundamental stability of the landownership pattern is fully explored, and there is a most concise and authoritative summary of recent findings about the non-openness of this supposedly open elite.

The second section explores the landowners' economic functions and performance. Beckett begins with a discussion of estate management and a description of the aristocracy's part in the agricultural revolution, and then explores its contribution to industrial progress (especially in mining), to improving communications, and to urban development. And he concludes by examining the fluctuating patterns of landed income and expenditure, and by assessing the

extent and importance of patrician indebtedness. Overall, he argues that the aristocracy's contribution to economic growth was both positive and significant, though he admits that it is hard to measure precisely.

In the remainder of his book, Beckett turns to consider the aristocracy in politics and society. He begins by looking at the mansion and the estate, exploring both the purpose, expense and chronology of country-house building, and the part played by the landowners in the local community. Then he investigates the contribution of the aristocracy to local government, and their broader role as servants (and masters) of the state. He explains how the landowners triumphed in 1660 and 1688; he describes their unrivalled pre-eminence, which lasted until the 1880s; and in a concluding chapter, he carries the story down to the present day.

Anyone acquainted with the mass of secondary material on this subject will applaud and admire the author's skill and diligence in summarizing so much of it so well, and his range and audacity in covering so long a period. Predictably, he is stronger on the eighteenth than on the nineteenth century, and the final chapter is very rushed indeed. Moreover, it seems rather insular to treat the English aristocracy without a broader reference to Britain as a whole and to the Continental nobility. And, despite the wealth of detail, the subject never quite comes alive: it is a work of synthesis rather than of scintillation, giving us the nuts and bolts of class, but neither the inwardness nor the flavour of class consciousness.

The result is that the overall picture is too static, too monolithic, too lacking in nuance. To the extent that recruitment was limited and

changes in landownership were slight, this impression is no doubt correct. But it also ignores that we get little real sense of the ebb and flow of the broader historical processes. The shifts in aristocratic mood and mores, from the rapacious fat cats of the Whig supremacy and "Old Corruption", via the decent, dutiful and disinterested government men of the mid-Victorian era, to the impoverished governors of New South Wales and the paranoid diarchs of the 1900s, go unmentioned, unexplored and unexplained. And the outcome is yet another book which takes a large amount of print to tell us that, in modern British history, nothing fundamental actually happened.

So, even as he synthesizes, Beckett also proselytizes. For the balance struck between sympathy and scepticism seems to have been profoundly influenced by the prevailing mood of the country-house-crazed 1980s. We are told a great deal about duty and deference, leadership and consensus, but much less about hierarchy and inequality, dominance and exploitation. More attention is given to the virtues of fox-hunting than to the iniquities of the Game Laws. And although there are occasional references to the work of E. P. Thompson, his debate with Perry Anderson passes unmentioned.

The end-product is thus a history which is the handmaid of heritage, which laments the demise of the great country houses, and which mourns the passing of the age of aristocracy, yet which concludes optimistically that the patricians remain "alive and well, and do not intend to pass away without a struggle". No book so well disposed can fail to take its subject seriously; but can any book so well disposed take its subject quite seriously enough?

Foundering father

David Pryce-Jones

MICHAEL ROSENTHAL
The Character Factory: Baden-Powell and the origins of the Boy Scout movement
335pp. Collins. £15.
0002176041

The Boy Scout Movement, as Michael Rosenthal interprets it, has virtually nothing to do with the mundane matter of scouting. Little do the boys understand, as they tie knots and light bonfires, that they are victims of a conspiracy to militarize them. Dead though the British Empire may be, here is a lingering emanation. Obedience and discipline, as scouts are taught them, are upper-class values imposed upon the unsuspecting working classes. That the boys might actually share those values – even that they might be enjoying themselves quite normally – are not the kind of considerations to hinder the author.

The movement's founder, Robert Baden-Powell, is the source of the evil, according to Rosenthal. An unintellectual fellow himself, he enjoyed Charterhouse for its sports but was rejected by Oxford. Enlisting in the army, he served in India and Africa, where he could write such sentences as "We had a grand little fight". His moment arrived when he found himself in Mafeking under siege. The British public needed a hero, and one was duly concocted: "Baden-Powell played his part with consummate skill to what was clearly the largest audience ever to witness such a spectacle of British courage." Courage was hardly called for, since the Boers were "stolid" and "rather immobile", so all he had to do was send uplifting telegrams and organize cricket. This self-publicist is by no means as dangerous as the Baden-Powell – slayer of Africans, white and black – whom Rosenthal has depicted up to this point, but he is good at papering over such cracks.

Furthermore, Baden-Powell had a friend, an officer in his regiment known as "The Boy". This is the nickname, is evidence enough for Rosenthal of a homosexual relationship. It is a child's play to show that Baden-Powell was a racist and elitist (though Rosenthal himself disavours upon "the public school countenance" courses upon "the public school countenance" without apparent awareness of falling into a class trap). No less naturally, Baden-Powell was an antisemite; and, for good measure, a

Fascist, who at the end of his life sought links with the Hitler Youth.

Was it not strange that this abominable deceiver should have founded a movement which at its core aimed to do something for other people? For Rosenthal, Baden-Powell's sole motivation was vanity, narcissism; the Scouts did more for him than he for them.

Any self-serving instrument would do. True to form, Rosenthal says, Baden-Powell did not even have the original idea of scouting, but plagiarized it without due acknowledgement from the Canadian (later American) Ernest Thompson Seton, author of celebrated books like *The Sandhill Stag* and *Johnny Bear*, in praise of animals and the wild. Seton's hopes for launching what he called Woodcraft were foiled. The success of the scout movement, once it began in 1908, was due not to Baden-Powell but to C. Arthur Pearson, one of those embarrassingly vulgar entrepreneurs pawed in the dawn of the mass age, who turned scouting into the crassest commercialism.

Edwardian militarism was the context of the movement. Busybodies, imperialists to a man, had asked questions about the physique of the urban young – not that they were truly concerned about the youths' futures, Rosenthal explains at length, but only anxious about the quality and quantity of bodies in the thin red line. The spectres of German rearmament and Japanese modernization were raised only in order to be exploited: "Be Prepared", that famous slogan, created a false feeling of enemies as ubiquitous as they were invisible in a landscape of perfect peacefulness.

Rosenthal has fun resuscitating emulators or rivals of Baden-Powell, soldiers and clergymen and would-be legionnaires, obscure in their day and long forgotten completely: W. Douglas Newton; Lord Methuen; H. Bumpus Smith; John Hargrave, who founded the crackpot Kibbo Kift Kindred. He has also dug up a Fabian pamphlet in which the Webbs wonder whether England will not one day be ruled by the Chinese. Confidence in Rosenthal as a guide to these peculiar byways abates at times, as when he identifies "Lahry" in a letter as "name of correspondent?" rather than the leading radical of his day, Henry Labouchère, credited with getting through the legislation which enabled Oscar Wilde to be sent to prison.

Those for whom history is class warfare will use this book for ammunition; the rest will laugh. Neither side is advanced by Rosenthal's obsessive repetition.

Brogue Days in the womb

John Kelly

1. **WONLEAVY**
 2. **John:** In all her sins and in some of her graces
 3. **Mr. Michael Joseph/Rsinbird. £12.95.**
 4. 137224

land is a state of mind", as J. P. Donleavy
 roared during a discoloured return to his
 America, and Ireland: *In all her sins and
 some of her graces*, largely an account of his
 exposure to his adopted land, attempts a
 depiction of that state of mind. Such an en-
 deavour depends as much on the beholder as
 what he beheld, and this is a highly personal
 matter. It is also partial: Donleavy writes less
 about Ireland than about Dublin, or, more
 exactly, the central square mile of Dublin;
 about the native Irish than about the
 English, who appeal to a strain of local
 mobbery in him; and less about the
 Irish nation than about a Romanticised
 past, dead and gone, that existed between
 1690 and 1937, the seven years in which he was
 at Trinity College and picking up the
 pieces that were to issue in *The Ginger*

though of Irish extraction, Donlevy never have made his way from New York had he not discovered that Dublin was the widest street in Europe, the largest animal park and the biggest brewery. These are apparently random superlatives touched with deep in an imagination which is perpetually for the epic but is shrewd enough to settle for the mock-heroic. And even Dublin could not disappoint so willfully mythologizer: displaced exotics from all over Europe, their tastes as dubious as their faces, swarmed with demobbed warriors from America and Britain to enliven the insipid ranks of eccentric Anglo-Irish and minority gulfish natives. In a land of virgins and her sileages, virginism was rife and "hot was hard to find", these were perforce men of wine rather than women and song. Dublin provided the raw material, Donlevy's mythmaking imagination did the rest. And battles with oames that have the taste of blarney: Madame the Dangerous, Molly of Wales, Daniel Spillerocht, and the Awful Never. A man to pass up a superlative for a comparative might do, even a sordid club is goitized as "The Charcoal-makers", and "oever in the modern or prehistory of the Irish atote was there anything at anytime anything like it".

For those Garagantuan days no evening's

Farmer's tale

Wine Haverty
WINE FITZGERALD
No. 1 Leary in the Grave
No. 10: Michael Russell, £9.95.

larship besides. Thus, for example, we find Beckett in the very first page of his introduction asserting that the period 1691–1800 “had not only a distinct quality of its own but also a unity that it would be hard to parallel in any period of comparable length in the history of modern Ireland” — an assertion that is not only at complete variance with the arguments of Cullen and Andrews but which also grotesquely awkwardly with the conclusions of Boydeell, Crooksliensk and Ó Cuiv. Another feature of the narrative is that it never lingers on the unseemly aspects of Irish life, and it would almost seem that the authors hope that by ignoring these episodes they can wish them away. As a consequence we are provided with no detailed treatment of the riot and disturbance which featured so prominently during the later decades of the eighteenth century, and while much detail is provided on the conflict associated with the 1798 rebellion it is never acknowledged that, in its Wexford dimension, this was a nasty sectarian struggle.

These glaring omissions – as well as similar exclusions from the previous volume of text – would suggest that the novelty of the *New History* of Ireland is that it is to be a sanitized history, cleansed of those gory episodes that have fuelled the myths of Irish nationalist propaganda. But if this is the case the authors must be aware that by seeking to suppress one myth they may be creating another, and the authors of the narrative section of this present volume would appear to be, perhaps unconsciously, advancing a consensus view of eighteenth-century Ireland that can only be sustained by a highly selective use of evidence. This view holds that for this one century, when Ireland was under undisputed Irish Protestant management, those who had responsibility for government discharged their duties in an honourable and even an enlightened manner, par-

particularly when operating in difficult circumstances. This is never stated explicitly by any author but it is hinted at by many and particularly so in their treatment of religious affairs. Not even a summary treatment is provided of the theology of the Protestant churches but it is repeatedly implied that Irish Protestantism, of whatever brand, was more enlightened than fervent and that "the penal laws under which the Catholics suffered were inspired by fear of their politics rather than by disapproval of their religion". Furthermore, there is a recurrent implication that the Catholic population had become reconciled to their lot and that their spokesmen too had become influenced by the tolerant spirit of the Enlightenment until all was disturbed by the return from the Continent. In 1797 of such zealots as Thomas Hussey, first President of Maynooth College, and described by R. B. McDowell as "the harbinger of a new age in Irish life".

Harbinger he might have been but the resentments which Hussey ventilated had long been suffered silently or, as we learn from the essay by O'Cluiv, expressed in the "poems of the dispossessed". But as well as fostering "the belief that the day would come when English rule . . . would be overthrown" these poems also kept alive deep sectarian hatreds which could only be given formal political expression once the penal laws had been relaxed. The fact that the laws were relaxed points to some advance of tolerance within the ranks of the Protestant political nation, but, as is clear from the account offered here by McDowell, the more conservative members gave ground only because of pressure from Baggot and others.

For the majority of Protestants the preservation of a united front was still considered essential, and the Volunteer movement which McDowell thinks important because it added 'colour and purpose to Irish life' was seen by many (and was certainly seen by Catholics), as a convenient instrument for keeping the crop-rioters down.

The essential problem with the narrative section is therefore that the several authors will not or cannot admit that eighteenth-century Ireland was hopelessly divided along sectarian lines. It is the opinion of the present reviewer that we can never understand that century of Irish history until that fundamental reality is confronted, and a principal merit of the present volume is that the evidence exposed in the specialist chapters reveals the inadequacy

TREVOR WEST
Horace Plunkett, Co-operation and Politics:
An Irish biography
 288pp. Gerrard's Gross: Colin Smythe. £12.95
 0 8132 0630 8

Horace Plunkett, a younger son of the sixteenth Baron Dunsany, was all his life an amphibious eccentric in a society which preferred unambiguous loyalties and which though not unsympathetic to personal quirkiness made clear distinctions between those areas of life where eccentricity might be tolerated—the club, the bar, the bar-room, the racecourse—and those—above all money-making—where hard-nosed realism constituted the order of the day. Best remembered as the apostle of agricultural co-operation, Plunkett was at one time regarded by historians as having, almost single-handedly, succeeded in dragging late nineteenth and early twentieth-century Irish agriculture into the modern world. True believers pictured him as a dogged evangelist urging better methods of production and distribution upon a benighted farming community still strongly reluctant to emerge from Celtic laziness into efficiency. And just as Parnell was torn down by an envious crowd of mean-spirited men on the make, so Plunkett too—in this analysis—was constantly thwarted by an unboly alliance of envious shopkeepers, narrow nationalists, and Catholic priests, who refused to see beyond the sectarian divide. Thus the myth of the "lost leader" could be and was developed and sustained in very different contexts and by very different forces in Irish life.

The truth was both less romantic and more complicated, as Trevor West's sympathetic but not uncritical study makes plain. Undoubtedly Plunkett was instrumental in establishing the co-operative creamery movement. Just as undoubtedly he failed to spread co-operation into other spheres of rural and agricultural activity (and even in the creamery world proprietors' establishments long controlled an important part of the market) or to persuade Irish farmers to respond to the psychological revivalism of his mystical associate, the poet and journalist George Russell (*Æ*). Yet, in the end, the wonder is that Plunkett achieved as much as he did given the obstacles barring his path. That these were often as much personal as structural gives West's account both dramatic tension and occasional bility, as we see Plunkett repeatedly exercising an undoubted talent for shooting himself in the foot.

What the farmers of Ireland made of him and his entourage is easy to imagine but difficult to specify. His constant denunciations of unhealthy diet, his hymns of praise to mass-produced, biototic foods, his unfarmlike worship of the open air (he slept *à fresco* on the roof of his south Dublin house in a bed which, by some mechanical device, be could turn towards the sun and against the wind), his patrician and patronizing tones, his repeated attacks on Celtic fecklessness, were none of them designed to rally the plain people of Ireland to his cause. That he did achieve a certain success can be attributed to the fact that some at least of his ideas contained within them a germ of commercial good sense.

West's book is above all useful as an attempt to place Plunkett in context. If occasionally it judges its subject too favourably the author's general sense of balance almost always comes to the rescue. West is especially good on Plunkett's naïveté, if "constructive" unionism and on his glib, glib and aglio, this muffled the impact of his social teaching and propaganda. On particular episodes, notably his early activities as a rancher in Wyoming (where he was known as "Red") and allegedly but improbably swapped tall stories with "the famous old scout and frontiersman; Jim Bridger", the book sheds no new light, but a pleasantly sympathetic glow. Perhaps not all Plunkett's failings are fully explored, but West has succeeded in writing both what he himself clearly regards (in a preface) as a co-operative tract for our own times and a rounded biography which at least does justice and honour to a flawed yet not unsuccessful pioneer.

John Kelly

In all her sins and in some of her graces
 Michael Joseph/Rsinbird. £12.95.
 0177214

land is a state of mind", as J. P. Donleavy
 roared during a discoloured return to his
 America, and Ireland: *In all her sins and
 some of her graces*, largely an account of his
 exposure to his adopted land, attempts a
 depiction of that state of mind. Such an en-
 deavour depends as much on the beholder as
 what he beheld, and this is a highly personal
 matter. It is also partial: Donleavy writes less
 about Ireland than about Dublin, or, more
 exactly, the central square mile of Dublin;
 about the native Irish than about the
 English, who appeal to a strain of local
 mobbery in him; and less about the
 Irish nation than about a Romanticised
 past, dead and gone, that existed between
 1690 and 1937, the seven years in which he was
 at Trinity College and picking up the
 pieces that were to issue in *The Gingerbread*.

though of Irish extraction, Donlevy never have made his way from New York had he not discovered that Dublin was the widest street in Europe, the largest animal park and the biggest brewery. These are apparently random superlatives touched with deep in an imagination which is perpetually for the epic but is shrewd enough to settle for the mock-heroic. And even Dublin could not disappoint so willfully mythologizer: displaced exotics from all over Europe, their tastes as dubious as their faces, swarmed with demobbed warriors from America and Britain to enliven the insipid ranks of eccentric Anglo-Irish and minority gulfish natives. In a land of virgins and her sileages, virginism was rife and "hot was hard to find", these were perforce men of wine rather than women and song. Dublin provided the raw material, Donlevy's mythmaking imagination did the rest. And battles with oames that have the taste of bludge. Madame the Dangerous, Molly of Wales, Daniel Spillerocht, and the Awful Never a man to pass up a superlative and a comparative might do, even a sordid club is goitized as "The Charcoal-makers", and "oever in the modern or old history of the Irish atote was there anyone at anytime anything like it".

Farmer's tale

Wine Haverty
WITON FITZGERALD
No. 1 Leary in the Grave
No. 2 Witon: Michael Russell, £9.95.

... Fitzgerald was eighty and approaching
... when he embarked on *Wuth O'Leary*
... Grave, an account of his youth that he
... as a sojourn as a farmer in Ireland in
... He is that rare species to English and

...a Catholic child with a very
middle-class upbringing. He was
first by credulous nuns, then at the
public school founded by Cardinal
Gorman and, in Fitzgerald's experience
and bad for a boy's development
school of any other persuasion. A
Oratory boy, not "officer material"
Gorman was, nevertheless, refreshingly
for a bookish type—not had at gaze
clear-sighted in his antipathies,
without being neuroathetic.
typical of Fitzgerald's simple ac-
character that when his father
thousand-acre farm in Tippecanoe
proposed that Kevin jump out of the
should run it, he felt it dolefully
He was to regard Synone as the epitome
"management" of his life but
ever afterwards an eccentric, garrulous
man, amusing to know socially

drinking, whether in a bar, country house, or city flat, was complete without at least one pitched battle, and each closing-time scuffle is faithfully recorded. This, potentially as tedious as B-movie Hemingway, is transformed by Donlevy's unflagging enthusiasm for fisticuffs and exaggeration into the narrative equivalent of a Tom and Jerry cartoon.

But the emphasis on violence is symptomatic of something deeper – not in Ireland's state of mind, but in Donlevy's. For, through the rumbustious accounts of boozing, pugilism and would-be fornication seeps a profound loneliness. The pronoun he most favours is "one", and this seems less an acquired Anglo-Irish speech mannerism than a grammatical expression of an egotism and solitude that pervade the book. He never joined a College society, preferring to spend long afternoons in superior hotel bars "wrapped up in one's own loneliness and taking one's own comfort of champagne". These would be followed by solitary suppers in a deserted Grafton Street café, and then pub-crawl to seek company, but strangely haunted by a fear of being snubbed (in an *Irish* bar? and when it's known you're on an allowance from the mother?) He avoided College Common Rooms because "immemorably ill ease" reading magazines in the view of other men in his frequent fights he was always expecting an attack from behind; a hidden assailant tried to throttle him in a doorway, another to drop rock on his head.

The bomb-like interiors of Dublin bars are not only provided airtight fluids from bottle and barrel but offered "somewhere safe, timeless and cosy and insulated" against outside attack, real or imagined. So, too, did the "granite enclave" of TCD, with its "lonely, enfolding, comforting darkness". Eventually Mother Ireland herself became the only haven in a hostile world. In New York, Donleavy felt insignificant and alienated after the village atmosphere of Dublin; his beard attracted suspicion in America where urban wastelands seemed heaped with bullet-hidden corpses. Not that when he returned, the reality of Ireland was quite as he had dreamed. The stage version of *The Ginger Man* was scuppered by managerial cowardice and "crut" - endemic Irish narrow-mindedness - and he began to believe in a hidden Hibernian conspiracy against him. From unhappy notion the enlightened reforms would enable a writer to live there tax-free have a good time, and be as now restored to the island both in body and indeed in mind, for, in his optimistic conclusion, he declares that the Irish are at long last freeing themselves of crut and achievement for which he - quite rightly - takes some modest credit.

gerald devoted the rest of his youth, one way or another, to a Synone that he found unloved and to its unprofitable farming; although he was never to find anything in later life to "the pleasure of ploughing with a pair of horses, on a fine October day in a van."

On one of his visits, Fitzgerald's father ruin staring at him from every field", there a row, and Fitzgerald, challenged, left Canada. He returned in two years, living that he could make out on the prairie, to his due. However, Synove was no longer but his elder brother's. It is a weakness of book that this conflict is treated with gerald's characteristic reticence conceal close relationships. A bruising broken-engagement is also summarily dealt with; sister Netta, beautiful, demanding and temperamental, flits in and out unsatisfactorily there are many compensations: Fitzgerald's ability to tell a story, his dry, deprecating portrayal of his complex, impossible, and his self-portrayal as an uncomplicated youth. There is the glancing but succinct at the rural Ireland of the 1920s and desolate plains, life of Canada. There are autobiographies of which one can say they are too brief and that there ought to be a sequel, but this is one.

POSTAGE: INLAND 18p ABROAD 28p

SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y.
\$1.75. SUBSCRIBERS US (BY AIR FREIGHT) \$75.00 Y
TIMES NEWSPAPER OF GREAT BRITAIN INC. 110

TLS

The Times Literary Supplement

OFFER TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS

"This substantial and attractive book should be warmly welcomed. A. R. Maxwell. Hyslop's translation of *The Dictionary of Classical Mythology* by Pierre Grimal, originally published in French in 1951, is a work at once authoritative and complete. Anyone who has ever lost his way in the complex genealogies of the Greek gods and heroes will value the forty genealogical tables; scholars will appreciate the superbly detailed references to the ancient sources for each entry, as well as the helpful (and modernized) table of sources, in which care has been taken to list the editions which are most easily accessible for English readers (especially, and relevantly, the Loeb Classical Library), and there is a full index. . . . The black-and-white illustrations are copious and pertinent. My sampling of the entries and references found an impressive standard of accuracy; the generous cross-referencing given makes browsing an almost mandatory pleasure, and it will indeed be a learned reader who does not find something he did not previously know on almost every page.

For a long time there has been a need to replace the useful but very outdated *Classical Dictionary* of Lempière. For factual and historical matters this was done years ago by the *Oxford Classical Dictionary*; and, with the publication of Pierre Grimal's *Dictionary of Classical Mythology*, Lempière can finally be relegated to the shelf reserved for books which have honourably outlived their usefulness."

L.H.C. Leith U.S. 8th August 19

J. H. C. Leach TLS 8th August 1980

THE DICTIONARY OF CLASSICAL MYTHOLOGY

by Pierre Grimal. Translated by A. R. Maxwell-Hyslop

FREE

Take out an annual subscription to *The TLS* and we will send you 52 issues plus a copy of *The Dictionary of Classical Mythology* published by Blackwell (worth £22.50) free. Simply complete the coupon below and send it with your remittance to the address shown.

*Subscription rates: UK £40, Europe (Bulk Air Mail) £59, USA & Canada (Air Freight) \$75. All other rates available on request.

Please send me a free year's subscription to *The Times Literary Supplement*.
 Free copy of *The Dictionary of Classical Mythology*.

Name _____
Address _____

11-10-76 The Times

a) I enclose my cheque for £/U.S.\$ _____ made payable to *The Times*
Supplements.

b) Please charge my credit card _____ Signed _____
£/US\$ _____

[illegible]

Please send this coupon together with your payment to: Linda Bartlett, *The Times*
Magazine Supplement, Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX, England.

Offer is open to new subscribers only and closes on 31 December 1986.
Please note that delivery outside the UK can take up to 28 days.

Paperbacks

Art history

ANITA BROOKNER. *Jacques-Louis David*. 223pp. Chitto and Winul. £12.95. 0 7011 3082 4. □ David was the leader of the Neoclassical movement in France, yet we have it on the authority of Baudelaire that he was the precursor of modernism, that is Romantic painting. This artistic radical made it his personal crusade during the Revolution to dismantle the Academy of the *ancien régime*, yet he was responsible through the tyranny of his studio for much that was most conservative in the painting and theory of the nineteenth century. A fierce Jacobin in the 1790s, he was a place-seeker under the Empire. For Louis XVI David painted "The Oath of the Horatii", for the National Convention the murdered Marat in his bath, for Napoleon "The Coronation of Josephine" and in exile after 1815 the curious portrait known as "Les trois Dames de Gand" — a series of imperious yet protean masterpieces. In confronting the refractory personality of David in this the only full-length study of the artist and his times, *Jacques-Louis David*, which was first published in 1980 and reviewed in the TLS of January 9, 1981, is one of the most outstandingly perceptive and readable works of art-historical scholarship of recent years.

Biography and memoirs

CHARLES CARRINGTON. *Rudyard Kipling: His life and work*. 634pp. Penguin. £4.95. 0 14 58028 X. □ First published in 1955 (and the subject of a lengthy review-article in the TLS of November 25 of that year), Charles Carrington's biography preceded the revival in Kipling's reputation. Carrington makes a good case for the pessimistic, stoical nature of Kipling's High Imperialist ethic and demonstrates how this blended with an outsider's rebelliousness that led him into the company of men such as Rhodes and Rider Haggard, rather than the London literary intelligentsia, and also caused him to refuse on numerous occasions official honours — knighthoods, the Laureateship, the OM — which he felt might inhibit his freedom as a writer. Most of his best work was done before he was forty, and the biography is understandably more interesting on these years, particularly the dazzling decade of the 1890s, when the young Kipling, newly arrived in London from India, carved out his place in the national consciousness that he has never entirely lost. Carrington's remains the standard biography, readable, sober, meticulous, although, by present-day standards it is perhaps a little dull because of its reticence about its subject's private life, or perhaps its failure to penetrate the wall that Kipling and his wife Carrie erected. It is left to Mrs Brambridge, Kipling's daughter

and watchdog of an archive, to put in a paragraph in dispraise of her mother in an afterword. Future biographers may find the withdrawal of her guard a spur to greater candour.

FRANCIS STROMMULLER. *Apollinaire: Poet among the painters*. 320pp. Penguin. £4.95. 0 14 058 022 0. □ With urbanity and élan Francis Stroommuller investigates the exotic, mysterious circumstances of Apollinaire's birth in Rome, his descent from Polish nobility and the possibility that he was Napoleon's great-grandson; he gives a similarly detailed account of the poet's upbringing in the charge of his raffish *demi-mondaine* mother, his schooling in the French language and sensibility in *fin-de-siècle* Monte Carlo and Paris. This colourful background prepares the way for a charming but sometimes cursory and often digressive narrative of Apollinaire's short adult life and his multiplicity of talents and activities as lover, poet, *librettiste*, art-critic, friend of Picasso and Max Jacob, and soldier; his war-service, head wound, the trepanning which cost him, according to André Billy, his personality; and his death just before the armistice. There are generous quotations from the letters, as from the accounts of friends and contemporaries, and some of the major poems are printed with facing translations (some of Stroommuller's comments on these have a distinctly old-fashioned belletristic tinge). Understandably a truly coherent portrait fails to emerge, but this is a vigorous attempt to convey the appeal of one of the poets best loved by the French, whose enormous influence — largely because of his untranslatable *je ne sais quoi* — is little recognised here.

Film

DON ALLEN. *Finally Truffaut*. 240pp. Paladin. £4.95. 0 586 08601 3. □ First published under the title *François Truffaut* in 1974, when *Jules and Jim*, *The Bride Wore Black* and *Day for Night* were already film history, and updated after his death in 1982, *Finally Truffaut* looks back on the complete works, and makes a final judgment on a director who himself was steeped in film culture. However, the young critic who blasted the stagnant French cinema and wrote the 1958 manifesto of the New Wave really wanted only to make lyrical films about love, like his idol Renoir, and thrillers like Hitchcock, transported to France. Don Allen devotes a short chapter to each of Truffaut's twenty-three films, illustrating them with half a dozen black-and-white stills apiece. He provides a plot summary, then discusses unpretentious themes and obsessions, technique and false steps, quoting Truffaut liberally and never straying far into theory. The book ends with a chapter on projects uncompleted at the time of Truffaut's death, and filmography. A good beginner's guide.

History

HUGH THOMAS. *The Cuban Revolution*. 755pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £12.95. 0 297 789 59 6. □ Hugh Thomas's 1971 study of the Cuban revolution returns to print, short of its first 788 pages but supplemented with a new three-page introduction. The missing section took the history of the island from the English expedition to Havana in 1762 up to the fall of Carlos Prío Socarrás in 1952. The 755 pages that survive cover the period from 1952 to 1970 in ample detail. They remain vivid, garrulous and intermittently illuminating. But they can hardly be said to offer a clear and economical explanation either of why Cuba ever came to pioneer socialist revolution in the Americas, or of why it has had such a distinctive impact upon the history of Africa and Latin America in the years since 1971. Thomas is not the sort of historian who poses clear analytical questions and seeks to answer them as firmly as he can. He does not overestimate the political intelligence of his readers. But he treats them civilly enough and conveys some of the charm of the country, alongside his own (not unreasonable) distaste at the regime under which it now lives. The original edition of the book was reviewed in the TLS of January 22, 1971.

Reference

GEORGE STONE SAUSSY III. *The Penguin Dictionary of Curious and Interesting Words*. 777pp. Penguin. £3.95. 0 14 008520 3. □ There has yet to appear a volume entitled *The Wokey World of Words*, but out there in that great platonic Reading Room chock-full of amateur lexicographers all resting up from their day jobs, somebody's probably hard at it. George Stone Saussy's dictionary, originally and punningly published in America as *The OED English Dictionary* (oxter: "British dialect for armpit") is one of the latest attempts. Like a successful predecessor, *Mrs Byrne's Dictionary of Unusual, Obscure and Preposterous Words* (1979), it beachcombs the wider shores of the vocabulary, picking up all manner of linguistic arcanes. All well and good, but thence whither? Without wishing to demean Mr Saussy's labours, those looking up such words are more likely to consult the OED. But his efforts are far from being in vain. Taking his examples from a wide range of modern works, many of which are not listed in the OED's *Supplementary Bibliography* (1986), he has provided a whole range of new citations for words which, while included in the original OED, might otherwise be assumed long obsolete. For instance, "colubrine" (snake-like, 1883) turns up in John Gardner's *Jason and Medea* in 1973 and "dagswain" (a coarse coverlet of shaggy material, 1577) occurs in Mark Helprin's *Winter's Tale* in 1983. This should be adopted wholesale by those destined to ply the keyboards of that soon-to-be-computerized tome and Mr Saussy gives due acknowledgement.

Sociology

LEONORE DAVIOFF. *The Best Circles*. 127pp. Century Hutchinson Cresset Library. £4.95. 0 09 168761 6. □ Originally published in 1973 (and reviewed in the TLS on November 30 of that year), a side-effect of a course of research into wider areas of British social and economic life in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, *The Best Circles* is an academically minded investigation into the upper-class way of life in late-Victorian and Edwardian England. The book's approach is catholic. The source material encompasses studies by Weber and Veblen, society biographies and memoirs, periodicals such as *Punch* and the *Lady* and books with titles such as *Court Etiquette: A guide to intercourse with royal or titled persons*. The theoretical underpinning delineating groups and social motivation in London, the counties and the suburbs, supports a mass of minute detail on such matters as coming out, leaving cards, charity work, chaplains, front and back-stage servants. For Leonore Davioff, the fascination of the "Upstairs" world lies in the lives of the women who enforced the unwritten rules of society and there are some interesting insights into the collapse of a highly structured society after the First World War. A chapter on "Women and work" reveals the unsanitary reality behind the housemaids' polish but on the whole the tone of the book is neither nostalgic nor condemnatory.

WILLIAM STOTT. *Documentary Expression and Thirties America*. 369pp. University of Chicago Press. £10.95. 0 226 77559 3. □ *Documentary Expression and Thirties America* is itself a formidable effort of documentation. William Stott contends that documentary is the most important art form of its era in America, backing his claim with a compendium of example, anecdote and textual criticism: photojournalism flourished in *Life* and other magazines; Theodore Dreiser abandoned fiction to inquire into living conditions of Harlem County miners; and Franklin Roosevelt's speeches substituted subdocumentary tales for statistical evidence. The final section deals with Stott's heroes: James Agee and Walker Evans, author and photographer of *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, the documentary book on Alabama sharecroppers. By invidious comparison, Stott argues that that work transcends the genre of eyewitness reports on everyday America by refusing to sentimentalize or manipulate the poverty of its subjects. His own book, which was first reviewed in the TLS of June 14, 1974, includes a new interview with Agee in which he claims for himself the same independent dignity which, according to Stott, *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* so exceptionally allows the sharecroppers.

Reviews by Marc Jordan, J.K.L. Walker, Alan Jenkins, Alice G. Phillips, John Dunn, Jonathan Green, Lindsay Duguid and Adam Boulton.

TLS Listings

A comprehensive weekly selection of new and forthcoming books received by the TLS

The TLS Listings provides full publication details of those books received each week by the TLS which seem to fall within the main interests of our readers. Children's books, foreign-language books and paperback reprints of recent works are not, however, included. We regret that we cannot answer telephone enquiries or enter into correspondence about inclusions and exclusions.

Archaeology

Itodder, Ian. *Reading the Past: Current approaches to interpretation in archaeology*. Cambridge UP. 194pp. £20.95 (hardcover). £8.95 (pb). 0 521 32743 1 (hc). 0 521 32960 X (pb). 27/11/86.

Architecture

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Architectural Press. 190pp. illus. £37.50. 0 85139 839 1. 27/11/86.

Kaerit, Christer, editor. *Perspectives: An anthology of 100 architectural quotations*. Lund Humphries. 180pp. illus. £7.95 (paperback). 0 85351 311 6. 12/86.

Art

The Tate Gallery. *Illustrated Catalogue of Acquisitions 1982-84*. Tate Gallery. 450pp. illus. £15 (paperback). 0 946590 49 4. 3/12/86.

Carrington, David, editor. *Artistic Strategy and the Rhetoric of Power: Political uses of art from antiquity to the present*. Carbondale, IL: Southern Illinois UP. 210pp. illus. £29.95. 0 8093 1208 1. 20/10/86.

Bibliography

Bartram, Alan. *The English Lettering Tradition: From 1700 to the present day*. Lund Humphries. 180pp. illus. £25. 0 85351 512 4. 30/11/86.

Bryant, Italian. *Bel Robert Orave: An annotated bibliography (Reference Library of the Humanities)*. Garland. 200pp. £38. 0 8240 8556 6. 11/86.

Cheneau, Peter. *Trench Maps: A collector's guide, vol. 1*. Akapbooks. 23 Lansdown Place, Leeds. £10.95. 0 85351 512 4. 30/11/86.

Garland. 192pp. £35. 0 8240 8556 6. 11/86.

Johnson, Timothy V. *Malcolm X: A comprehensive annotated bibliography (Reference Library of Social Science)*. Garland. 192pp. £35. 0 8240 8556 6. 11/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

TLS Listings

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

Chadwick, Ralf. *Concepts and Influences: Towards a regionalized international architecture*. KFL. 189pp. illus. £5. 0 7103 0180 4. 4/12/86.

INDEX OF BOOKS REVIEWED

Beckett, J. V. *The Aristocracy in England 1660-1914*. 1914. 1431.

Blang, Mark. *Great Economists before Keynes: An introduction to the lives and works of one hundred great economists of the past*. 1420.

Bramwell, Anna. *Blood and Soil: Walther Darré and Hitler's "Green Party"*. 1416.

Bury, J. P. T., and R. P. Tombs. *Thiers 1797-1877: A political life*. 1417.

Carter, Angela (Editor). *Wayward Girls Wicked Women*. 1428.

Crossley-Holland, Kevin. *Waterlain and Other Poems*. 1433.

Dooley, J. P. Ireland: In all her sins and in some of her graces. 1433.

Ellis, Alice Thomas, and Tom Pitt-Alkens. *Secrets of Strangers*. 1418.

Field, Joanna. *A Life of One's Own. An Experiment in Leisure*. 1418.

Fitzgerald, Kevin. *With O'Loary in the Grave*. 1433.

Goodrick-Clarke, Nicholas. *The Occult Roots of Nazism: The arrio sophists of Austria and Germany 1890-1935*. 1416.

Graham, David, and Peter Clarke. *The New Enlightenment: The rebirth of liberalism*. 1420.

Gysin, Brian. *The Last Museum*. 1428.

Hansen, Mogens Herman. *Demography and Democracy: The number of Athenian citizens in the fourth century B.C.* 1430.

Kaminsky, Arnold P. *The India Office, 1880-1910*. 1431.

Kiernan, Ben (Editor). *Burchett: Reporting the other side of the world 1939-1983*. 1419.

Kramer, Leonie, and Adrian Mitchell (Editors). *The Oxford Anthology of Australian Literature*. 1421.

Lefkowitz, Mary R. *Woman in Greek Myth*. 1430.

Maitland, John. *Cambridge Witness*. 1419.

Miller, Richard. *Small*. 1428.

Moody, T. W., and W. E. Vaughan (Editors). *A New History of Ireland: Volume Four. Eighteenth-Century Ireland, 1691-1800*. 1432.

Murray, Les A. (Editor). *The New Book of Australian Verse*. 1421.

Nord, Philip G. *Paris Shopkeepers and the Politics of Resentment*. 1417.

Pocock, Tam. *East and West of Suez: The retreat from Empire*. 1419.

Pols, Robert A. *National Socialism and the Religion of Nature*. 1416.

Prieberg, Fred K. *Kraftprobe: Wilhelm Furtwängler im Dritten Reich*. 1415.

Priestland, Gerald. *Something Underwood*. 1418.

Ravenhill, John (Editor). *Africa in Economic Crisis*. 1420.

Reeve, Andrew. *Property*. 1429.

Rosenthal, Michael. *The Character Factory: Baden-Powell and the origins of the Boy Scout movement*. 1431.

Salmon, Nathan. *Frege's Puzzle*. 1429.

Scupham, Peter. *Out Late*. 1423.

Smith, John Crichton. *A Life*. 1423.

Smith, Woodruff D. *The Ideological Origins of Nazi Imperialism*. 1416.

Stang, Sandra J. (Editor). *The Ford Madox Ford Reader*. 1427.

Store, D. C. *The Rationality of Induction*. 1429.

Weber, Eugène. *France, Fin de Siècle*. 1417.

West, Trevor. *Horace Plunkett, Co-operation and Politics: An Irish biography*. 1432.

Whitehead, David. *The Dames of Attica 5087-ca.250 B.C.: A political and social study*. 1430.

Wilde, Oscar, and others. *Telety*. 1427.

Books reviewed or included in the TLS listing can be ordered from:

Hoffers Booksellers
20 Trinity Street
Cambridge
Cambridgeshire CB2 3NG
ENGLAND
Tel: 0223 358351
Access, Visa accepted.

BLACKWELLS BOOK SHOP

can supply books listed or reviewed in the TLS. Orders to:

Blackwell's Mail Order Division
80 Broad Street
Oxford
Oxfordshire OX1 3BQ
ENGLAND
Tel: 0865 244 944
Access, Visa, Mastercard accepted.

Continued on following page